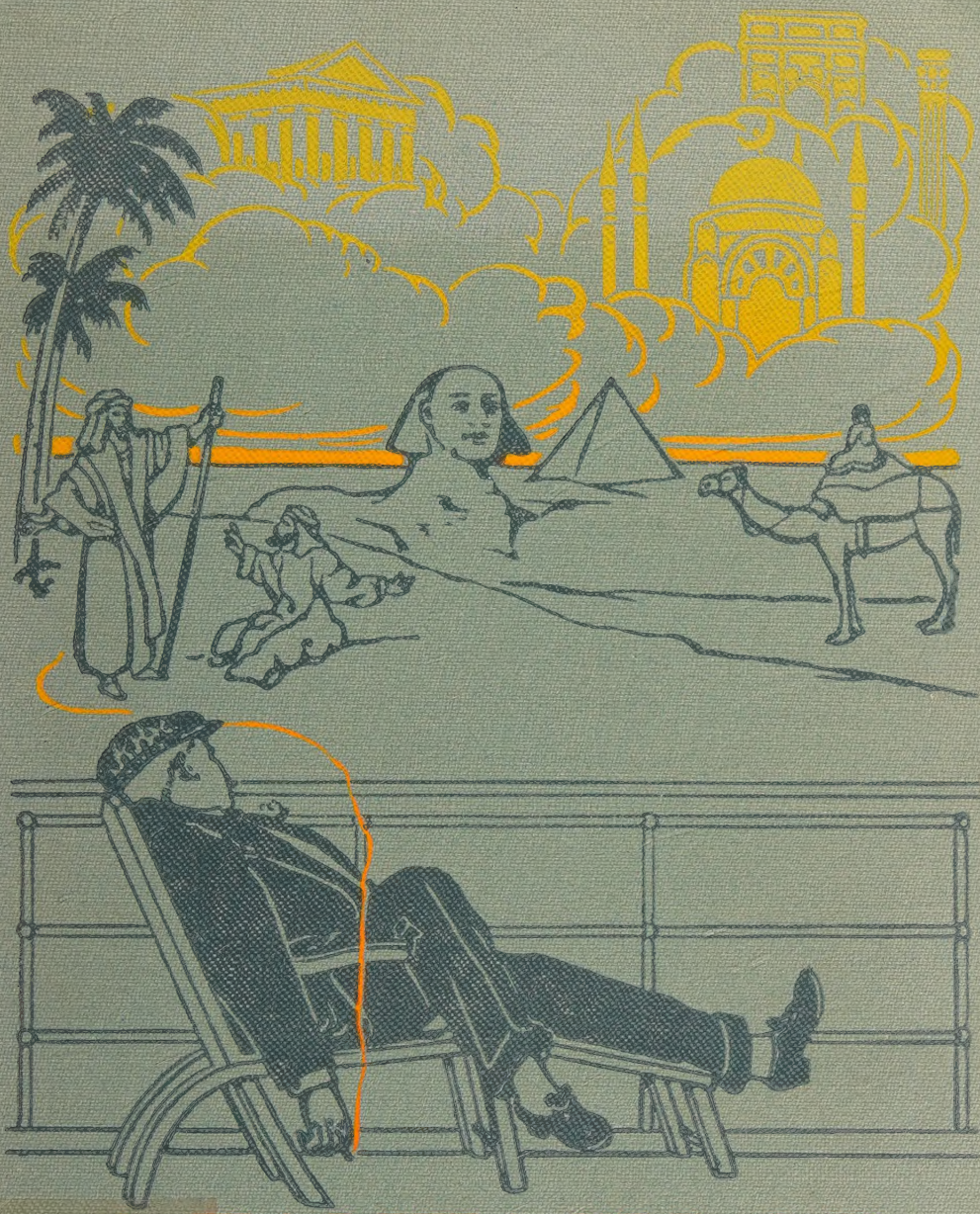

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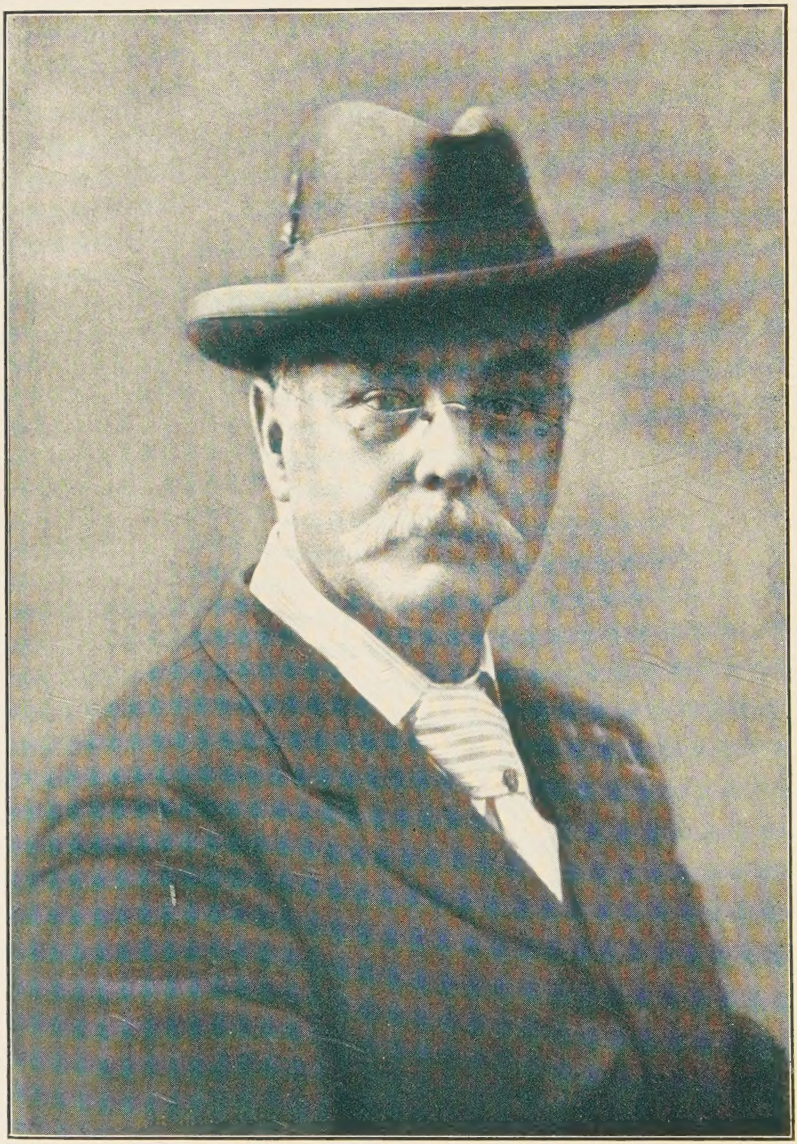

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# A FANTASY OF MEDITERRANEAN TRAVEL

BY

S. G. BAYNE

AUTHOR OF
"QUICKSTEPS THROUGH SCANDINAVIA"
"ON AN IRISH JAUNTING-CAR" ETC.

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# PLACES VISITED ON THIS CRUISE

## AND DESCRIBED

## WITH PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

Madeira
Spain
Cadiz
Seville
Alhambra
Algiers
Malta
Greece
Turkey
Constantinople
Asia Minor
Smyrna
Holy Land
Jerusalem
River Jordan
Jericho
Dead Sea
Egypt
Cairo
The Nile
Messina
Naples
Pompeii
Rome
Villefranche
Nice
Monte Carlo
England

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# A FANTASY OF MEDITERRANEAN TRAVEL

# A FANTASY OF MEDITERRANEAN TRAVEL

## A DREAM OF ANTICIPATION

(*The spirit of the cruise*)

The *King of Cork* was a funny ship
  As ever ploughed the maine:
She kep' no log, she went whar she liked;
  So her Cap'n warn't to blaime.

The Management was funnier still.
  We always thought it dandy—
Till it wrecked us on the Golden Horn,
  When we meant to land at Kandy.

The Cap'n ran the boat ashore
  In aerated waters;
The Purser died by swallowin' gas,
  Thus windin' up these matters.

*L'Envoi*

Fate's relentless finger,
  Points to the Purser's doom:
He gulped the seltzer quickly—
  Then bust with an air-tight boom!

TAKING my cue from this short, spasmodic dream I had one evening in a steamer chair, of what I imagined was to happen on our coming voyage, I started to scribble; and following the fantastic idea in the vision, I shall adopt the abbreviated name of *The Cork*, for our

good ship—although some of the passengers preferred to call her *The Corker*, as she was big and fine, and justly celebrated among those who go down to the sea in fear and trembling. The fame of this ship and her captain spread so far and wide that a worthy band of male and female pilgrims besought him to take them to foreign parts, for a consideration.

There was great ado at starting, and when we finally steamed out of New York harbor past the "Goddess of Liberty" one fine morning, the air was rent with the screeching of steam sirens and the tooting of whistles. The "Goddess" stood calm and silent on her pedestal; she looked virtuous (which was natural to her, being made of metal), but her stoic indifference was somewhat upset by an icy stalactite that hung from her classic nose. One of the passengers remarked that Bartholdi ought to have supplied her with a handkerchief, but this suggestion was considered flippant by his Philistine audience, and it made no impression whatever.

The list of passengers stood at seven hundred, and an extensive programme of entertainments was promoted for their amusement, consisting of balls, lectures, glees, games of bridge whist and progressive euchre, concerts, readings, and a bewildering schedule of functions, too numerous to mention; in fact, it was a case of three rings under one tent and a dozen side shows.

The passenger list comprised many examples of eccentric characters, rarely found outside of the pages of Dickens; the majority, however, were very interesting and refined people, and the exceptional types only served to accentuate the desirability and variety of their companionship on a voyage of this character. Here is a description of some of them, exaggerated perhaps in places, but not far from the facts when the peculiar conditions surrounding them are fully considered. Many of

them were doing their best to attract attention in a harmless way, and in most cases they succeeded, as there is really nothing so immaterial that it escapes all notice from our fellows.

For instance, there was a human skyscraper, a giant, who had an immense pyramid of tousled hair—a Matterhorn of curls and pomatum—who gloried in its possession and scorned to wear hat, bonnet or cap. When it rained he went out to enjoy a good wetting, and came back a dripping bear. The sight made those of us who had but little hair atop our pates green with envy, as all we could now hope for was not hair but that the shellac finish on our polls might be dull and not shiny. This man also sat or stood in the sun by the hour to acquire that brick-red tan that is "quite English, you know;" and he got it, but it did not altogether match with the other coloring which nature had bestowed upon him. Then we had a "fidgetarian," who was one of the unlaundered ironies of life; he could not keep still for a moment. This specimen was from Throgg's Neck, and danced the *carmagnole* in concentric circles all by himself, twisting in and out between the waltzers evidently with the feeling that he was the "whole show," and that the other dancers were merely accessories to the draught he made, and followed in his wake. He was a half portion in the gold-filled class, and a charter member of the Forty-second Street Country Club.

We were also honored by the presence of Mrs. Handy Jay Andy, of Alexandry, who had "stunted considerable" in Europe, and was anxious to repeat the performance in the Levant. She didn't carry a pug dog, but she thought a "lady" ought to tote round with her something in captivity, so she compromised on a canary, which she bought in Smyrna, where all the good figs come from. She was a colored supplement to high-toned marine society.

No collection of this kind would be complete without

a military officer, and we had him all right; we called him "the General," a man who jested at scars and who had a beard out of which a Pullman pillow might be easily constructed. On gala nights he decorated himself with medals, and on the whole was a very ornamental piece of human *bric-à-brac*. Of course we had the man with the green—but not too French green—hat. He had a curly duck's tail, dyed green, sticking up in its rear, so that the view from the back would resemble Emperor William. He attracted attention, but somehow seemed like an empty green bottle thrown in the surf.

Some of the ladies had their little peculiarities also. There was Mrs. Galley-West from North Fifth Avenue, New York, a "widow-lady," whose name went up on the social electric-light sign when she began to ride home in a limousine. She stated that everybody who was anybody in that great city knew who *she* was and all about her. Nobody disputed her statements. As time elapsed she became very confidential, and one day stated that she was matrimonially inclined and intimated that she would welcome an introduction to an aged millionaire in delicate health, as it might result in her being able to carry out some ambitious plans she had made in "philomathy." By the time we reached Cairo she had lowered her figures to a very modest amount—but she is still a widow.

The human mushroom was also in evidence—the girl narrow and straight up-and-down, like a tube ending in a fishtail, with a Paquin wrap and a Virot hat, reinforced with a steel net wire neck-band—the very latest fads from Paris. Her gowns were grand, her hats were great, I tell you! When some one was warbling at the piano, she would put her elbow on the lid of the "baby grand," face the audience, and strike a stained-glass attitude that would make Raphael's cartoons look like subway posters.

Among those present who came all the way from Med-

FUNCHAL, THE LONG BRANCH OF MADEIRA; NICE BALMY PLACE FOR A REST AFTER A PANIC. STEAMER LEAVES LONDON TWICE A WEEK. HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS BY CABLE

icine Hat was the cowboy girl, who could ride a mustang, toss a steer with a lariat, shoot a bear or climb a tree. She wore a sombrero, rolled up her sleeves, and was just *dying* to show what she could do if she had only half a chance. She got it when we came to the donkey rides in Egypt. She was a "Dreadnaught girl," sure enough.

The claims of the pocket "Venus" from the "Soo," must not be forgotten. She was small and of the reversible, air-cooled, selective type, but as perfect as anything ever seen in a glass case. She wore a spray of soft-shell crab-apple blossoms in her hair, which stamped her with the bloom of Arcady. She spilled her chatter lavishly, and had the small change of conversation right at her finger-tips. She had an early-English look, and was deservedly popular with the boys.

The beet-sugar man from Colorado also had his place. This specialist put his table to sleep before we lost sight of land. He stifled his listeners with sugar statistics, informing them how many tons of beets the State produced and what they were worth in money; how much to expect from an acre, and the risks and profits of the industry: a collection of facts that were the mythology of alleged truth. If you were good the gods would make you a sugar-king in the world to come, and Colorado was to be financially sugar-cured in the sweet by-and-by. His whole song was a powerful anæsthetic, and many at the table did not know the meal was over till the steward woke them up.

One among our crowd who really mattered was a tall, gloomy, dyspeptic man, hard to approach, but once known he never failed to harp on his favorite string,—the old masters and the Barbizon school of painting. This man had all the ready veneer of the art connoisseur. He used to talk by the hour about the great pictures he had seen, and gave each artist a descriptive niche for

what he thought him famous: such as, the *expression* of Rubens; the *grace* of Raphael; the *purity* of Domenichino; the *correggiosity* of Correggio; the *learning* of Poussin; the *air* of Guido; the *taste* of Coraceis, and the *drawing* of Michelangelo. This, of course, was all Greek to most of us, but it raised the tone of the smoking-room and enveloped the entire ship in a highly artistic atmosphere which no odors from the galley could overcome. Incidentally I may say, however, he didn't know all about them, for one day a wag set a trap for him by saying he had had a fine bit of Botticelli at dinner.

"My dear sir," exclaimed our "authority," "Botticelli isn't a cheese; he was a famous fiddler!"

"I have always had an impression he was an old master," said another passenger, who was an amused listener.

It is impossible for any large body of travelers to escape the man who by every device tries to impress his fellows with the idea that he is a Mungo Park on his travels, and so our harmless impostor had his "trunkage" plastered with labels from all parts of the world, sold to him by hotel porters, who deal in them. He wore the fez, of course, and sported a Montenegrin order on his lapel; he had Turkish slippers; he carried a Malacca cane; he wrapped himself in a Mohave blanket and he wore a Caracas carved gold ring on his four-in-hand scarf. But his crowning effort was in wearing the great traveling badge, the English fore-and-aft checked cap, with its ear flaps tied up over the crown, leaving the front and rear scoops exposed. Not all of the passengers carried this array of proofs, but many dabbled in them just a little bit. It doesn't do, however, when assuming this rôle to have had your hair cut in Rome, New York, or to have bought your "pants" in Paris, Texas, for if you are guilty in those matters you will

give the impression of being a mammoth comique on his annual holiday.

The dear lady who delights in "piffle," and to whom "pifflage" is the very breath of life, had also her niche in our affairs. She hailed from Egg Harbor and was an antique guinea hen of uncertain age. When you are thinking of the "white porch of your home," she will tell you she "didn't sleep a wink last night!" that "the eggs on this steamer are not what they ought to be," that the cook doesn't know how to boil them, and that as her husband is troubled with insomnia her son is quite likely to run down from the harbor to meet her at the landing two months hence. Then she will turn to the query by asking if you think the captain is a fit man to run this steamer; if the purser would be likely to change a sovereign for her; what tip she should give her steward; whether you think Mrs. Galley-West's pearls are real, and whether the Customs are as strict with passengers as they used to be; whether any real cure for seasickness has yet been found, and why are they always painting the ship? Not being able to think of anything else she leaves her victim, to his infinite relief. Oh you! iridescent humming-bird!

The men who yacht and those who motor are of course anxious to attract attention. The freshwater yachtsman (usually river or pond), plants his insignia of office on his cap. It is generally a combination of a spread-eagle and a "hydriad," surrounded by the stars and stripes. These things lift him above the level of those who would naturally be his peers, and effect his purpose. The motorer sports his car duster on all possible occasions, and thinks his goggles are necessary to protect his eyes from the glare of the sun on the deck of the steamer. He has large studs of motors, and always proposes to keep in front of the main squeeze. The chatter re-

lating to cars and yachts when these men were in evidence was insistent and incessant. You were never allowed to forget for a moment that they owned cars, power boats and runabouts, and that their tours averaged thousands of miles. The man from the stogie sections does not, of course, fear to fire his fusee in this company and he always does it—it keeps up the steam.

A row of three extinct volcanoes was frequently to be seen seated side by side in the smoking-room, where they recounted the scenes of their youth with evident gusto. One would recall the days of '49, spring of '50, and tell his companions all about the excitement of mining in those early times,—"Glorious climate, California!" was the way he usually wound up his reminiscences. Another would draw his picture of the firing on Fort Sumter, and would assert that the battle of Antietam in which he took part was the hottest of the war. The favorite topic of the third raconteur was the flush times on Oil Creek in the early '60's, when he had drilled a dry hole near "Colonel Drake's" pioneer venture. And so it would go till it was time to "douse the glim." One thing they all agreed on—that the whiskey was good but the drinks were small on the *Cork*.

There was a young southern Colonel on board who was a charming companion and a good-natured, all-round fellow, always willing to do anything for anybody, young or old. The ladies soon found out his weakness, and they "pulled his leg" "right hard," as he would have put it. When ashore he bought them strawberries, ice-cream, wine, confectionery, lemonade, and anything else he could think of. He was a veritable packhorse, and many times when he was already loaded with impedimenta they would, as a matter of course, toss him wraps, umbrellas and fans, followed by photo's, *bric-à-brac* and other purchases, till the man was fairly loaded to the

THE PARTHENON, ATHENS, GREECE—THE MOST IMPRESSIVE RUIN IN EXISTENCE

gunwales. This they would do with an airy grace all their own, remarking perhaps:

"Here, Colonel, I see you haven't much to carry; take this on board for me like a good boy, won't you?"

He stood the strain like a Spartan to the bitter end, and when the trip was over he, like Lord Ullen, was left lamenting in the shuffle of the forgotten, and didn't even get a kiss in the final good-byes, when they fell as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa.

The most picturesque and amusing man on board was a Mexican rubber planter from Guadalajara, known on the ship's list as Señor Cyrano de Bergerac. He hadn't a Roman nose—but that's a mere detail; he had a Numidian mane of blue-black hair which swung over his collar so that he looked like the leader of a Wild West show. He was a contradiction in terms: his voice proclaimed him a man of war, while all the fighting he ever did, so far as we knew, was with the flies on the Nile. To look at him was to stand in the presence of a composite picture of Agamemnon, Charles XII. and John L. Sullivan; but to hear him *shout*—ah! that voice was the megaphone of Boanerges! It held tones that put a revolving spur on every syllable and gave a dentist-drill feeling as they ploughed their way through space. It was alleged that when he struck his plantation and shouted at the depot as he leaped from the train that he had arrived, all the ranch hands fell down and crossed themselves, thinking it was the sound of the last trump and their time had come. We have no actual proof of it, but undoubtedly these announcements were heard on Mars, and might better be utilized as signals to that planet than anything that has yet been suggested. He had a fatal faculty of stringing together big words from Webster's "Unabridged," and connecting them with conjunctions quite irrespective of the sense, so that the

product was like waves of hot air from a vast, reverberating furnace. It was the practice of this orator to jump from his seat at all gatherings without warning, and make detonating announcements on all kinds of subjects to the utterly helpless passengers, the captain, the officers and the stewards. These hardy sons of the sea, who had often faced imminent danger, would visibly flinch, set their faces and cover their ears till the ordeal was over. But they were never safe, as he made two or three announcements daily, and they had to listen to his thunder in all parts of the ship till it returned to New York. His incessant shouting was a flock of dinosauria in the amber of repose; it upset our nerves, but as it added to our opportunities for killing time, many forgave him and thought him well worth the price of admission. In many respects his disposition was kindly and generous; but oh, my! how he could and did talk!

There were two men with us who represented a type known to the *Cork's* other passengers as "the Impressionists." When they came on board orders were given in a loud voice as to the disposal of their luggage, the chauffeurs were asked whether everything had been taken from the cars, and the travelers then made their way to the chief steward. After receiving a tip, that personage became satisfied that they were deep enough in dry goods to entitle them to seats at an officer's table, which were given them. Their opportunity came next day when they had donned their "glad rags," and stood in the centre of the smoking-room. A few minutes before the dinner gong sounded they drank a Martini, and looked over the heads of the crowd with an air of conscious superiority. Dinner started, they surrounded themselves with table waters and Rhine wines, ostentatiously popping corks and making a great show of "bottlage" for very little money. When they left their

seats they were *the* men of the ship—in their own estimation; but they had shot their bolt and could go no further, so they settled down in a condition of social decay that became very distressing. This recalls an incident of Thackeray's: he once saw an unimportant looking man strutting along the deck of a steamer. Stepping up to him he said:

"Excuse me, sir, but are you any person in particular?"

Now we reach the post-card mania. This is the most pernicious disease that has ever seized humanity since the days of the Garden of Eden, and in no better place can it be seen at its worst than on a steamer calling at foreign ports: once it gets a foothold it supplants almost all other vices and becomes a veritable Frankenstein. It is harder to break away from this habit than from poker, gossiping, strong drink, tobacco, or even eating peas with your knife if you have been brought up that way. The majority of the "Corks" when landing at a port would not have stopped to say "Good morning" to Adam, to take a peep at Bwana Tumbo's hides and horns, or to pick up the Declaration of Independence if it lay at their feet—in their eager rush to load up with the cards necessary to let all their friends know that they had arrived at any given place on the map. This is but the first act in the drama, for stamps must be found, writing places must be secured, pencils, pens and ink must be had, together with a mailing list as long as to-day and to-morrow. The smoking-room is invaded, the lounge occupied, and every table, desk and chair in the writing-room is preempted, to the exclusion of all who are not addressing post-cards. Although we toiled like electrified beavers we got behind on the schedule, so that those who did not finish at Malta had to work hard to get their cards off at Constantinople, and so on through the trip. The chariot of Aurora would hardly hold their

output at a single port. At the start it was a mild, pleasurable fad, but later it absorbed the victim's mind to such an extent that he thought of nothing but the licking of stamps and mailing of cards to friends—who get so many of them that they are for the most part considered a nuisance and after a hasty glance are quietly dropped in the waste-basket. Many had such an extensive collection of mailing lists that it became necessary to segregate them into divisions; in some cases these last were labeled for classification, "Atlantic Coast Line," "Middle West," "Canadian Provinces," "New England," "Europe," etc. Again they were subdivided into trades and professions, such as lawyers, ministers, politicians, stock brokers, real estate agents, bankers (in jail and out of it), dermatologists and "hoss-doctors." This habit obtained such a hold on people who were otherwise respectable that they would enter into any "fake," to gratify their obsession. Some of the "Corks" did not tour Spain but remained on the ship; many of these would get up packages of cards, dating them as if at Cadiz, Seville or Granada, and request those who were landing to mail them at the proper places, so as to impose on their friends at home. I felt no hesitancy, after silently receiving my share of this fraud, in quietly dropping them overboard as a just punishment for this impertinence. Incidents like this will account in part for the non-delivery of post-cards and the disappointment of those who did not receive them.

Our Purser had what is known in tonsorial circles as a "walrus" or drooping moustache; he was plied with so many foolish questions in regard to this mailing business that he became very nervous and tugged vigorously at this ornament whenever something new was sprung on him. It is said that water will wear a hole in stone, and so it came to pass that he pulled his moustache out,

hair by hair, till there were left only nine on a side. The style of his adornment was then necessarily changed to the "baseball," by which it was known to the "fans" on board.

The handling of this enormous output has already become an international postal problem of grave importance in many countries; the mails have been congested and demoralized, and thousands of important letters have been delayed because Mrs. Galley-West would have her friends on Riverside Drive thoroughly realize that she has got as far as Queenstown on her triumphal tour, and that she and all the little Galley-Wests are "feeling quite well, I thank you."

The ultimate fate of the post-card mania is as yet undecided. It may, like the measles or the South Sea Bubble, run its course and that will end it; on the other hand, it may grow to such proportions that it will shut out all human endeavor and bring commerical pursuits to a complete standstill. In any case its foundations are laid in vanity and egotism, and that will eventually prove its undoing.

## MADEIRA

We lit right out for Madeira, and after a pleasant but uneventful voyage cast anchor in the harbor of Funchal, the capital, in less than nine days.

The Madeira Islands are owned by Portugal, but the natives all wish they were not and are most anxious to get under Uncle Sam's wing, *à la* Porto Rico. The islands are of volcanic origin and some of the mountain peaks are over six thousand feet high. The climate is delightful and the variation in temperature is not much over thirty degrees. Semi-tropical vegetation and flowers abound everywhere, and the place is beautifully clad with

verdure. The natives have "that tired feeling," and do just as little work as will earn them a scanty living. They, however, blame this condition on the Government.

The group was at one time celebrated for its wines, but a blight came on the vines and the business of wine-making is greatly reduced; besides, Madeira wine has gone out of fashion of late years.

### FUNCHAL

The Madeirans dress like comic opera bandits and are very picturesque in appearance, and while they look like Lord Byron's corsairs, they never cut a throat nor scuttle a ship under any circumstances; they are the mildest of men. While strolling in the public market I noticed a bit of local color: one of the fierce looking pirates had for sale half a dozen little red pigs with big, black, polka dots on them. I stopped to look at them and the corsair insisted that I should buy one at least and take it with me for a souvenir.

The principal feature of the place is that wheels are at a discount and most of the locomotion is done by sliding. The streets and sidewalks are paved with large, oblong pebbles which become highly polished by friction. Over these the sleds, with oxen attached to them, glide with ease, at the rate of three miles an hour. On this account it's the most tiresome place to walk in that I know of. Even most of the natives have stone-bruised feet and "hirple" along as if finishing a six-day walk in "the Garden."

While we were there a Portuguese man-of-war entered the harbor and there was a great waste of powder both from the forts and the battle-ship. The harbor was filled with little boats containing boys and men who dive for

the coins thrown into the water for them by the passengers. They never fail to reach the money.

I asked a gentlemanly native where the flower market was and he very politely walked with me for three blocks and landed me in front of a flour mill. I explained his mistake and he then insisted on taking me to where they sold flowers, at which point we had an elaborate farewelling—hat-lifting, laughing and handshaking. I asked him to visit me in New York, but he said with marked sadness in his voice that he hadn't the price and therefore must forego the pleasure.

The passenger list of the *Cork* being a large and notable one, the City Club gave us a ball at the Casino. It was alleged that the bluest blood on the island took part in this, the largest function of the season.

Madeira has been described by a distinguished traveler as "a neglected paradise." Part of this appearance is given it by the luxuriant growth of the Bougainvillea vine which has rich purple flowers, masses of which can be seen decorating the villas when one approaches Funchal from the sea. Madeira is some three hundred miles from Africa, and yet when sand storms arise on that continent the sand is blown across the sea and great mounds of it are piled up on this island; arrangements have to be made to prevent it from entering the houses.

The main island, Madeira, is thirty-three miles long and thirteen broad, with a population of 151,000. Funchal has 50,000 inhabitants, and is a quaint and interesting city. The island was known to the Romans, but was settled by Zargo in the interests of Portugal. Columbus married his wife at this port. Captain Cook bombarded Funchal in 1768 and brought that city to his terms. Napoleon was sent here on his way to St. Helena in 1815. So, on the whole, Madeira has had a fair amount of checkered history.

The Casino was started as an imitation of Monte Carlo, but caused such disaster that it was suppressed. The Lisbon officials now visit it once a year to see that there is no gambling going on; the owners know when they sail and remove the tables, and after the "inspection" is over and the officials have returned home, business is resumed in safety and with the usual profit to the proprietors.

The *Cork* is one of the marine giants, and when all the first-cabin rooms were sold the company painted up the second-cabin quarters and sold them at full first-class rates. I joined the party only a few days before it started and was glad to get an outside, single room, about the size and shape of a Pullman section. Its distinction was that it had a port-hole of its own through which I could freely admit the local climate. When I first surveyed the contracted proportions of this stateroom, the paucity of its fittings and entire lack of the usual accommodations, I was filled as full of acute melancholia as an egg is of meat and had I not paid the passage money I would have bolted from the *Cork* out into utter darkness; but I was "in for it," and determined to make the best of the situation; so I got some clothes lines and screw hooks, and with them constructed a labyrinth of handy landing nets for all my belongings, which resembled the telegraph wires on Tenth Avenue before Mayor Grant cut them down. I also hung my top coat and mackintosh in convenient places, and used their pockets for storage vaults. One pocket served as a complete medicine chest, another accommodated slippers, collars, cuffs and shaving tackle, while I utilized the sleeve openings (closed at the cuffs with safety pins), to hold a full line of clothes, hair and tooth brushes, and tied small things to the buttons, which shook with the vibration of the ship as sleigh-bells are shaken by the vaudeville artist when he plays

THE HISTORICAL PART OF ATHENS, GREECE. PANORAMA OF THE GREAT RUINED GROUPS

*Comin' Through the Rye* on them for an encore. The whole arrangement was a marvelous and instantaneous success, and so proud was I of the achievement that I invited my neighbors to peep into the stateroom to see its glories and utilities. Some of them proceeded at once to copy my best ideas—but that is the fate of all inventors. However, they were grateful, for they named the passageway on which eight rooms opened, "Harp Alley," in honor of my nationality, and placed a card with this legend on it at the entrance:

HARP ALLEY

NIGHT & DAY HOUSE
On the South Corner
With a Port-Hole on the Side
Hot Meals
and
Other Entertainments
at all hours

"WE NEVER SLEEP"

The rush of arrivals was so great that I was soon obliged to remove the sign and "close the house."

But a great catastrophe was shortly to happen which cast a gloom over the Alley and plunged us into a miniature *Republic* disaster. A big salt water pipe was hung from the ceiling of the Alley passage; and what do you think! under strong pressure it burst with a loud noise one morning when we were dressing for breakfast and flooded the rooms of the entire colony before we could say "Jack Robinson!" Such a scurrying into bath robes and jumping out of staterooms were never seen! I felt that owing to my high standing and responsible position in the "Alley," and having in mind the fame

of Binns (of the *Republic*, the "wireless" hero of Nantucket shoals), it was incumbent on me to ignore my personal effects and comfort in an attempt to save the ladies and their *lingerie* at any price. So I slipped on my trusty rain coat, and handed them out under a spread umbrella, one by one, to a place of safety, I being the very last man to leave the Alley and even then with reluctance. But mind you, I never took my eyes off the floor! they were glued to it all the while this transfer was being made. (Although when I afterward mentioned this circumstance, some lady slung the javelin into me from ambush by saying sarcastically—"Oh, yes indeed! 'glued to the floor' the way the average man's eyes are riveted to the sidewalk when he passes the Flatiron Building on a windy day!") But I was determined to make it a wholesale sacrifice, and I did it! This Spartan performance was generously rewarded, for I was added instanter to the *Cork's* "Hall of Fame" as the "Hero of the Deluge."

All our things were taken down to the furnace room and dried in a short time, and the Alley quickly regained its dignity and composure. I had to repair the damages to my room, but soon got it in perfect running order again; with added improvements it became a veritable Bohemian dream and I would not have left it for worlds. I could lie on my bed and get a drink of water without rising, reach for a cigar, sew on a missing button, open my treasury vaults to see how the funds were holding out, and when dressing could sit down on my only seat, a ten-cent camp stool, and take a short smoke while Steward Griffiths was filling my bath tub. But I was far from civilization, as the first-cabin baths were up two deck flights, then down one and back through a passage underneath where you started from; the round trip was a ten minutes' walk. I consoled myself with the reflec-

tion that it was needed exercise and in the best interests of hygiene.

The delights of Funchal exhausted, we were off again for a visit to Spain, landing after a short run at Cadiz.

## SPAIN

### CADIZ

There is not much to see in Cadiz but its Cathedral and the busy life of its people, who number 70,000. It is thoroughly calcimined in chromatic tints and looks fine as you approach it from the sea, but your enthusiasm wanes somewhat when you get into the picture and see that there are many places where the gilt has been knocked off the gingerbread and has not been put back again. But we must all take off our hats to the "old town," for it was there, indisputably, that Columbus rigged up and started for America. If he had only known what he was about and the people had understood all that was to happen, they would have had a brass band on the pier and have set off plenty of skyrockets in the evening. 'Twas ever thus! The "knockers" boo-ed him from their shores and said he was crazy, but history plants his feet on the topmost rung of fame long after the bitter end, when short commons were with him uncommon short.

### SEVILLE

The "Corkonians" took the train for Seville, and it was a corker in length for it took three engines and all the first-class carriages in Andalusia to carry us to our destination.

The management had about a carload of plaited straw

lunch baskets and filled them with good things, so we had a continuous picnic *en route*. When we arrived we found almost every carriage in this city of 150,000 people lined up in a big square for the distribution of the party, as the principle of procedure was, first come first served. There was a motion picture for you that lasted twenty minutes, but there was a place for every man and every man had his place, so we were all comparatively happy and started in to "do" the town.

Seville has one of the largest, finest and richest Gothic Cathedrals in existence; it has absolutely everything that can in reason be demanded of a cathedral, with or without price, including in part a full line of old masters, headed by Murillo and Velasquez (who were born here); bones of the good dead ones—and some bad ones—silver gilt organs, a court of orange trees in full bloom, the Columbian library (established by Fernando, Columbus' son), containing nothing but books, books, books! Then again there are *acres* — I was going to say—of stained glass windows, but perhaps I had better stick to the simple truth and say innumerable windows, showing every variation of the rainbow in their brilliant, deftly interwoven tints. Once more we find jewels of great price, solid silver trophies (which before the slump in silver would have placed any honest man above the corrosion of carking care); and wood-carving by masters of the trade whose artistic feeling was graphically described by our learned guide—known to the "Corks" as "Red Lead," on account of the lurid color of his hair. He wore an Oscar Hammerstein opera hat and seemed condemned to live on earth but for a certain time—and all whom he met wished for its speedy expiration. In a single, simple, instructive sentence he requested us to "Joost look at dat figger and see how the master have carve them feets; they are both two much alike."

CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE GOLDEN HORN CROSSED BY THE GALATA BRIDGE, WITH STAMBOUL IN THE FOREGROUND. THE YOUNG TURKS PRESENTED THIS AS THE FIRST SNAP OF THEIR OFFICIAL CAMERA. LATER THEY "DEDICATED" THE BRIDGE BY HANGING THE FIRST BATCH OF MURDERERS ON IT

Most of these things, and many more, were the gifts of King Charles V., King Ferdinand, Queen Isabella and others, with a Sultan or two thrown in for good measure. All this grandeur is spread over 124,000 square feet, exceeded only a little by St. Peter's in Rome.

In the plethora of good things I had almost forgotten to mention the Tomb of Columbus, a finely carved sarcophagus in solid bronze. Heroic, allegorical figures support it and it is an imposing coffin in every respect.

The size of this great Cathedral is three hundred and eighty by two hundred and fifty feet, and a week might be spent in seeking out the vast treasures which run the gamut of art and money from its top round to the bottom. There are many other churches here, but to try to write of them after attempting to describe the Cathedral would be like an introduction to Tom Thumb after having spent the day with Chang, the Chinese giant. However, we can hardly overlook the Alcazar, which "cuts" considerable "ice," even in this hot climate. It is the palace of the late Moorish kings, containing the famous Court of the Maidens and the Hall of the Ambassadors. It cost a good many millions of *pesetas* to erect its front elevations, not to speak of its elaborate interior decorations, although the workmen only received two pence per day, and they had a local "blue card" union at that.

The "Order of the Corks," both men and women, all went to see a grand series of Spanish dances at the theatre, got up for their delectation and amusement. No band of enthusiastic pilgrims ever started in such high feather to see a dramatic and terpsichorean feast as did we. There was an expression of mystery and expectancy on every face. Mary Garden and all she does would be a mere flea bite to what we should see of pure and simple naughtiness. But alack and alas for our blasted hopes

and the human weakness that had been worked on by the adroit press agent! The show was a "fake:" there was nothing naughty about it—and very little that was nice. No refrigerating plant ever contained a freezing room so dank, cold and gloomy as that theatre! After the first act, the ladies—Heaven help them!—put on their furs; in the second, an odd man or two began to sneak out, and by the time the curtain rose on the last act there was hardly a soul in the house! The weary "Corkonians" wended their way to the hotels in disconsolate groups, and the simple but convincing words, "Stung again!" hung on every lip as we toddled up the dark stairs to our beds, wiser but sadder men. There may be allurements in Andalusian dancing—but if there are, we certainly did not see them.

In the cold, gray dawn of the next morning we gathered up our belongings, and after an early breakfast, reinforced by another "management" basket lunch, we made for the train. An all-day's ride to Granada was before us. You see, you couldn't get anything to eat at a Spanish station but garlic, onions and chocolate, so we had to prepare for the worst. "The worst" came all right, in the sanitary arrangements at the stations (for there were none on the trains), but we justly blamed all our troubles on Spain and not on the management of the trip. It all passed, however, like a summer cloud when we landed in time for a late dinner at Granada. Dinner over we went out and saw some of the gay life of this famous city. The local color was there—in fact, it was highly colored; and as for "atmosphere," why, the air was full of it! The ladies squirmed a little, but the men stood nobly by their guns till the last candle had been snuffed out; and so we went to bed, after arranging to give a full day to the Alhambra next morning, and slept the sleep of the just.

## GRANADA

Morning came as usual with the rising sun, and we set out, twenty-five to a guide. I transmitted Mark Twain's name of "Billfinger" to our man, and he was very much pleased by this notable mark of distinction; in fact, he felt that he had to speak and act up to his title; but his voice gave out in the second round, and he had to whisper his historical jokes and quips about the harems to a "Cork" from Chicago, who repeated them in a louder tone to the audience. This man was a human calliope, and had the voice of an African lion when out of meat. His trained organ was so ear-piercing that much to "Billfinger's" annoyance several ladies deserted our party and fled to one of the other guides who had a soft, sweet voice.

The party was large and each guide was obliged to keep twenty minutes behind the band before him. This was done like clockwork, and yet, such is the uncertainty of such arrangements and the intensity of the human desire to get ahead of one's neighbors that, do as he would, Billfinger was constantly butting his leaders into the rear of the enemy—for such they were regarded, once the procession got into full swing and the excitement had reached its zenith. This led to endless confusion, and the members of party No. 9 (our set) had to be fished out and sorted from the ranks of Nos. 10 and 8, thus producing many violent squabbles among the guides. Adjustments were slow and by the time they were made a general congestion had set in at the rear and the "Corks" were all bobbing round in hopeless confusion, extending even to the outer gates at which we had entered the citadel. But the man with the voice from Chicago now came into his own and showed how easily he could quell a friendly riot. He mounted a parapet and with a

green umbrella as a baton shouted back his orders, and they were obeyed with such telling effect that in a short time the procession moved like a well oiled machine and we had no further trouble. By most of the pilgrims it was considered that this was hardly a fitting or dignified entrance into one of the noblest ruins of any time or country; but this is a practical age, and we got right down to the business of inspecting what is left of the Alhambra. When such a man as Washington Irving was so inspired by the marvelous beauty of this place and lived ninety days in one of these buildings (which was pointed out to us by Billfinger), in order to get the spirit of the times and place in which these halls were erected and peopled, and there wrote his celebrated historical and romantic book, *Tales of the Alhambra*, published in 1829 (obtainable in any library), it would seem best that I leave the reader to peruse that famous work for ideas and details which, should they be supplied by the ordinary scribbler, could but belittle such a noble subject. I therefore suggest that those interested procure that book and read it for themselves.

We went to bed early, for we had to rise long before daylight and take the train for Gibraltar, where the *King of Cork* lay waiting for us, for she had steamed from Cadiz to "The Rock" after we left her; and although we had enjoyed every minute of the trip, we were glad to get back to the only home we had, on the water.

We had made quite a circuit through Spain, and it had been a most interesting journey. We had thought of Spain as a land of dust, sand and rocky mountains, but instead of that we found broad, fertile plains, well cultivated and with every sign of prosperity. Above all other things the feature of the country is the thousands of well kept olive orchards; then there are sugar-cane, and grapes and other fruit, in abundance. Some of the

THESE SANDOWS OF STAMBOUL ARE CONSIDERED A HUSKY TRIO, EVEN IN THIS CITY OF STRONG MEN
IF THESE KEGS ARE FILLED WITH SOUR MASH THEY'RE A MENACE TO THE WHISKEY TRUST
AND OUGHT TO BE TAXED ACCORDINGLY

buildings on the ranches are very fine and imposing, reminding the visitor of English estates. We were fortunate in passing through the cork producing district, and saw the whole process of barking the trees, cutting the bark in oblong squares and stacking it up like lumber in a large yard. The trees grow their bark again after it is stripped off and from time to time it is again cut as before. At the first sight the "Corks" got of this industry, they showed their interested appreciation by taking a thousand and one snap-shots before the train left the station.

Most intelligent Spaniards will tell you that they were angry when we took Cuba and the Philippines from them, but now they regard it as a blessing in disguise, as they had no business with expensive colonies, are better off at the present time than they have been for decades, and hope for a new era of prosperity. The largest blot on the country is the cruel bull fighting, but their English Queen has set her face against it and it is distinctly on the wane.

## ALGERIA

When we had finished up the stereotyped sights of Gibraltar and had thrown overboard a New Jersey insurance agent for criminally mentioning "Dryden's Hole," that bewhiskered "chestnut," in connection with the time-honored "Rock," we steamed across the Mediterranean to Algiers, some four hundred and ten miles away. Algeria has a water front of six hundred miles, and extends back two hundred and fifty from the shore. It was conquered by the Romans in 46 B.C.; subsequently the coast of Barbary became the dread of every ship that sailed the sea. With varying success, many nations, including Spain, France, England and the United States

(fleet commanded by Commodore Decatur), took a hand in trying to tame the horde of cut-throat pirates who for centuries committed unspeakable atrocities and cruelties. It is hard to realize that only seventy-five years ago these sanguinary pirates held complete sway on the Mediterranean, and that England alone had six thousand of her subjects captured and enslaved by them in 1674. It is estimated that six hundred thousand from all the nations were captured and worked to death in chains. This spot is the "chamber of horrors" in all human history. To the French belongs the honor of finally taming these wretches and drawing their claws. Algeria is now a French colony, is well ordered and quite safe for the visitor.

This people is made up of many breeds: we saw thin, bandy-legged Arabs, fat, burly Turks, ramrod-like Bedouins; Kalougis, with a complexion suggesting old sole leather; Greeks, with frilled petticoats; Romans, of course with the toga; Kabeles, with black hair and wearing a robe like a big gas-bag; Moors, with the Duke's nose and spindle shanks; Mohammedans, carrying bannocks with holes in them; and dragomans, with "*bakshish*" stamped on every department of their anatomy. But beneath the furtive glance and in the wicked eyes you see the cut-throat still lurking, awaiting the first opportunity to embark again in the trade that is close to their hearts, although the only active pirates here now are the cab drivers.

Every breed has its own outlandish costume with a large range of startling colors in robes, turbans and slippers, but their shanks are bare, thin and brick red, an easy mark for flies. A considerable percentage of their time is devoted to stamping their feet to shake off these pests, which somehow do not seem to know they are not wanted and keep the lazy rascals busy, thus prevent-

ing them from devoting the entire day to sleep and the worship of Allah.

To round out the picture we must not forget the French Zouave regiment—fine-looking men, with their elaborately frogged jackets, and trousers like big red bags, large enough to make balloons if filled with gas, and the whole topped off with a scarlet, "swagger" fez with a tassel hanging down to the waist.

Algeria has a population of about 5,000,000, while the town of Algiers contains 140,000 people. The climate is tropical with plenty of rain. Oranges, lemons, pineapples, dates, figs, cocoanuts and spices are seen everywhere. There is a fine, tropical, public garden-park, and the Governor's Palace with its grounds makes a handsome showing in flowers and fruits. French officialdom strikes a gay and festive note everywhere, and the very latest Parisian novelties are seen on the streets. They have motor cars, but it must be confessed that these do not as yet class with a Studebaker "Limousine."

The passengers slept on the *Cork* at the wharf. They tried one meal at the hotel, with the ship's stewards assisting, but did not essay a second. Seven hundred in two relays would have tested the ability of Mr. Boldt, but still when the battle was over we had all had enough; in fact, the management came out with flying colors in this severe test.

Perhaps at this point it might be interesting to report on the progress that the Alley had made since it was last mentioned. The development of ship characters takes time, and the big men and women do not pop at once into the lime-light. There were other alleys and some of them contained hidden stars. It was our business to lasso these (just as base-ball players are "signed"), and annex them to the Alley, so with this in mind and hat in hand we approached the haughty but accomplished

Purser (with a big *P*), the man who is covered with gold lace and clothed with vast responsibility; who, in fact, holds the destinies of the ship in the hollow of his hand. We laid our case before him and said we wanted "Gassigaloopi" from Alley No. 9, the two "Condensed Milkmaids" with their chaperon from the midship flats, and "Fumigalli," who bunked near the condenser. The great man of course frowned and pulled his "walrus"—the kind that has hanging, hairy selvages on it, such as serve as warnings for "low bridge" on the railroads—smote his desk firmly, and said it would never do! However, we could clearly see that beneath the mask of his importance he was jubilant over the knowledge of his power, and that if we could only pull some other string we would gain our object; so we inveigled the queen of the poop-deck into joining hands with us, and the day was won without further effort. Then with joy and gladness we informed the new people whom we had delighted to honor of their social elevation, and with willing hands we carried their belongings down in triumph to Harp Alley. Two of the staterooms had been vacated at Gibraltar, and so all difficulties connected with the transfer were easily overcome. "Gassigaloopi" was a tower of strength in himself; he was a retired Italian politician and spoke so many languages that when he got excited he mixed them thoroughly, utterly routing all contestants in any arguments that might come up. He was a human geyser, and when his linguistic power got under full headway he fairly tore up all the tongues by their roots and trampled them under foot in the rush of his stinging invective. Although of Italian origin, "Gassy" was born near the site of the Tower of Babel, and its propinquity and influence gave him that varied volubility in expressing fine shades of meaning in many languages that made him the pride of the profession of which he was a dis-

THE ABDICATION OF THE SULTAN, ABDUL HAMID II.—HIS LAST RIDE THROUGH THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

tinguished light. His ebullitions were frequently hurled at the "boots" for neglecting his oxfords, placed outside his stateroom door, but soon afterward he became himself again, much to the general joy of the Alley.

"Fumigalli" smoked so much that he gave all his time to thought, and we used him to plan future triumphs for us. Though he thought much he produced but little. We all knew that he was evolving great projects mentally, but somehow he could not get them out in front of the spot-light. His one great achievement was calling a meeting of protest against the Señor's boredom in the smoking-room. The meeting was held and two resolutions were drafted to be read at dinner in the saloon; but somehow no one liked to hurt the Señor's feelings, and they were never read.

The "Condensed Milkmaids" were a pair of small, temperamental, clever girls, so trim and smart that one would think they had just left the Trianon Dairy Farm in Versailles Park, after having milked a pint of cream for the Queen, or for the royal favorite, Comtesse Du Barry. They wore Louis the XIV. (Street) high-heeled slippers, and were purely decorative. Having no part in the executive management they knew their place and kept it.

A young lady and her mother from New England (both members), gave the Alley a boost at the last concert. The daughter played a violin solo, accompanied by her mother, with such attack, feeling and technique that if Paganini had been on earth he would have taken off his hat to her.

It is perhaps true that the Alley had no tremendous personages in its membership, but its innate strength lay in this weakness for it represented the very embodiment of what is known as the concrete social spirit, "one for all, all for one," and with this motto it might have—and really did—stand against the entire ship. Neither

the Purser, the Captain nor the crew dared oppose its opinions or wishes; in fact, the Alley thought of running down to Zanzibar and taking a whack at the lions before "Bwana Tumbo" even saw them. We don't like to brag, but one of our members could, with one eye shut, hit any button on the metal man's coat in the shooting gallery, and with both shut could bring down a wilde-beeste. The mission of the Alley and its fate now lie in the "womb of time," and we must not hustle its destiny but calmly await developments.

## MALTA

We left for Malta, which was reached in two days, and cast anchor in the harbor of Valetta, the capital. The island is celebrated as the home of the Knights of Malta, the original birth-place of the Maltese cat, and the spot where the Maltese cross was invented—but not patented. This island was conquered by the Romans 259 B.C.; afterward by Napoleon, from whom it was taken by England in 1800, and now indeed it's "quite English, you know." Oh my! how English it is, to be sure! It's nothing but Tommy Atkins here, and Files-on-parade there; battle-ships "beyant," and cruisers in the "offin'," mixed up with gunboats and bumboats and "gund*u*las," till you would think you were standing on the pier at "Suthampton."

The marine bands mostly play *Rule Britannia*, but some of them essay *Annie Laurie*, and when these airs get mixed, it would try the soul of Richard Wagner to stand the discord without resorting to profanity. Anyway, Mr. Bull has this island all to himself. Its fortifications and harbor are the finest to be found on the globe, but how sad to think they have been rendered useless by the

modern battle-ship with the long guns. (I was going to say the "long greens," as they and battle-ships always go together, no matter who pays the taxes.) But still it charms the visitor with its fine climate and gay people. It was Carnival Day when we arrived, and the motley crowds in the street, in variegated raiment, pelted the "Corks" with all kinds of flowers with the utmost good humor.

There is a church on the water-front that is lined with the skulls and bones of the various armies of defenders: its name is "Old Bones," which certainly bears out its character.

A whole lot might be written about how the Knights of Malta became very great, then very small and degenerate, and finally were pushed into the discard by the relentless hands of time and public opinion. Valetta has quite a number of people living there besides the soldiers and sailors, some 80,000 I believe, but most of them are tired of climbing the steep streets, many of which contain stairs. Lord Byron, having a game foot, got angry at them when he wrote:

> "Adieu, ye cursèd streets of stairs,
> How surely he who mounts you swears!"

We were shown the spot where St. Paul was shipwrecked. The Maltese erected a colossal statue to Paul on Selmoon Island about fifty years ago. They hold an annual feast there on February 10th, the alleged date of his shipwreck, and as they have two hundred additional feast days they have just one hundred and sixty-four days left for their regular business—loafing. They have novel names for their hotels and saloons,—the "Sea and Land Hotel," "The Pirates' Roost" saloon, the "Quick Fire" lunch-room, "The Englishers' Chop-House," and "The Camel's Drink," are some examples. Not from

greed, but purely out of curiosity, mind you, we tested the latter, and it would have taken three of what they gave us to make a regular "Waldorf highball." Thus does the retributive principle of temperance put the rod in pickle for those who would fool with its beneficent laws.

## GREECE

We left Malta and had Greece before us, which we reached in two days. Lord Byron aptly describes it in his famous poem which opens with:

> "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
> Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
> Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
> Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
> Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all, except their sun, is set."

### ATHENS

The Acropolis, or rocky mountain on which the celebrated group of buildings is found, was fortified more than a thousand years before Christ. It is the central spot of all that is greatest in art, letters, history, statecraft and philosophy since time began. This has been the undisputed opinion of critics and historians for about three thousand years and stands uncontradicted to-day as it did in the very beginning of things learned and artistic.

You are met toward the top of the ascent by the Propylæa that "brilliant jewel set on the rocky coronet of the Acropolis" as a kind of introductory vestibule to further greatness. It is the most important secular work in Athens, consisting of a central gateway and two

MEHEMET V., THE NEW SULTAN, AFTER THE INVESTITURE, LEAVING THE MOSQUE

wings. It was begun in 439 B.C. It contains a wealth of Doric marble columns, beautiful, carved friezes and metopes, with five gateways spanned by great marble beams twenty feet long. All these wonders compel the stranger to stand spellbound at the magnificence of their combined effect.

Near by stands the Temple of Athena Nike, and close at hand is the site of Phidias' colossal statue of Athena Promachos, the "fighter of the van," made of the spoils taken from the Persians at the battle of Marathon; sixty-six feet high, in full armor, her poised lance was always a landmark for those approaching Athens.

We now reach the temple, attached to which is the Portico of the Maidens, the Caryatides, and containing the shrine of Athena Polias.

Next comes the great Parthenon, "the most impressive monument of ancient art," built by Pericles in 438 B.C. It was adorned by statues and monuments by Praxiteles, Phidias and Myron. It had fifty statues, one hundred Doric columns, ninety-two metopes, and five hundred and twenty-four feet of bas-relief frieze, thus realizing the highest dream of plastic art and the immortality of constructive genius. Within the inner sanctuary Phidias placed his chryselephantine figure of Athena Parthenos, the virgin, thirty-nine feet high, the flesh parts being in ivory and the garments of fine gold. It is estimated that this gold was worth almost £200,000. For more than six centuries the virgin goddess received here the worship of her devoted votaries. In the fifth century the Parthenon became a Christian church; when the Turks came they made it a mosque. The edifice remained in good preservation till the seventeenth century. In 1687 the Venetian, Morosini, besieged Athens and a shell from one of his guns ignited the powder which the Turks had stored in the Parthenon. A destructive explosion fol-

lowed and thus the most magnificent structure of the ages, which twenty-one centuries had spared, was reduced to ruins. What remains of it is still most majestic and when seen by moonlight inspires the greatest reverence. There is no speculative guess-work in these statements, for in 1674 Jacques Carrey made a series of one hundred careful drawings of the Parthenon, which were confirmed by two English travellers, Messrs. Spon and Wheler, in 1675. These were the last visitors who saw it before its destruction.

The Acropolis Museum is also built on the hill. It contains many interesting things that could not be allowed to remain exposed to the weather.

The vast Theatre of Dionysius, which held 30,000 people, is also here.

There are many other fine buildings, statues and temples on the Acropolis, but space will not permit of their description.

We descend to a lower plateau and there find the remains of the vast Temple of Zeus Olympus, called by Aristotle, "a work of despotic grandeur," "in accordance," as Livy adds, "with the greatness of the god." It contained an immense statue of Zeus. Originally it had more than one hundred imposing marble Corinthian columns, arranged in double rows of twenty each on the north and south sides, and triple rows of eight each at the ends. Its size was three hundred and fifty-three by one hundred and thirty-four feet, which was exceeded only by the Temple of Diana. To its left is the Arch of Hadrian. Looking east is seen the Stadium or racecourse. Here the Pan-Athenian games were held in olden times. It was laid out in 330 B.C., and has been restored in solid white marble by a rich Greek. It cost a large sum of money and will accommodate a multitude of spectators. The first year in which the revival of

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HANGING THREE LEADERS OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE ON THE GALATA BRIDGE, CONSTANTINOPLE, MAY 3, 1909

the games took place the Greek youths won twelve out of twenty-seven prizes, the others going to various nationalities.

Beyond in the suburbs lies the public park owned by Academus in the fifth century before Christ. Plato and many other philosophers taught their pupils here, and from the name of the owner is derived the word *academy*.

These are but a few of the commanding sights of Athens. No attempt will be made to speak of the men and the wars that made her the *multum in parvo* of human history. The modern Greeks are a serious and decent people; they seem to be impressed with the fact that their ancestors were the salt of the earth, and at least try to be worthy of them. There is no begging in the streets (the Greeks being too proud to beg), and the people are quite respectable for their opportunities. Their city is well laid out and built in modern style; it is prospering, having had only 45,000 inhabitants in 1870, while the population is now 150,000. One cannot afford to treat either the Greeks or Athens flippantly; they are worthy of the highest praise and respect.

## TURKEY

### CONSTANTINOPLE

After leaving Greece we threaded our way through the islands of the Ægean Sea, the Dardanelles, the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, to Constantinople, where we anchored at the mouth of the Golden Horn. I must leave to the historian the dramatic and sensational history of the capital of Turkey in its various shifts of ownership; perhaps no other city has surpassed it as a factor in European affairs for a period of two thousand

years. It was named after Constantine, the Roman Emperor, who was its chief builder. He tried to call it New Rome, but this title would not stick. On the Galata Bridge that leads to Stamboul, a racial panorama may be seen that embraces all the peoples of the Orient, and everywhere signs appeal in half a dozen languages. The private histories of its rulers have also been of the most absorbing and exciting character, and were they described by a pen of authority and with the necessary inside knowledge and information they would still further shock and astonish the uninformed.

The city was founded by the Dorian Greeks some seven hundred years before the beginning of the Christian era; later the Persians captured it, then the Romans came and took charge. The Goths were the next men in possession, followed by Basil of Macedonia, who became Dictator. Then Mohammed was the man of destiny: the city fell into his hands and from that day to this the "unspeakable Turk" has ruled it. All these changes were brought about by battles at sea and on land, by sieges and through treachery, and with great loss of life, treasure and time.

We employed a guide to take us to the Mosque of Sancta Sophia and the other principal show places. This man had formerly called himself "Teddy Roosevelt," but he changed his name to "George Washington Taft," in honor of our worthy President, thus making his cognomen thoroughly American and bringing it up to date at a stroke of the pen; but we told him this was no kind of a name for a guide in Turkey, and then and there changed it to "Muley-Molech;" he was much pleased with his new historical title. "Muley-Molech" had a nose of vast proportions—while not so large as the *Lusitania's* helm, yet it was exactly the same shape; and he wore a moustache that ended in large, hirsutical corkscrews;

his teeth were like small bits of marble stained with tobacco juice, and they had the effect of an arc made from the spear of a sword fish, grim and terrible. Altogether he was a remarkable man—one to be feared at night when near the Bosphorus; although, if the bitter truth must be told, he avoided impartially both salt water and fresh, whenever possible. My word! "Muley" was no ordinary, amateur Münchhausen! he was full of exact statements which he encrusted with legends that were utterly bare-faced. After hearing one of his flights of fancy, a fat brewer from the West remarked:

"It's better not to believe so much or to know so many facts that aren't so; but this is the devil of a place, anyhow; that's right!"

Muley looked at him with fine scorn and went on at his usual gait. Later I told him (Muley), the story of the Irish judge who once said to a prisoner whom he was about to sentence:

"We don't want anything from you but silence—and very little of that!"

This hint had a depressing effect, and Muley lost his nerve and the character he had enjoyed with us of being a picturesque and fearless liar.

Sancta Sophia was built in Stamboul across the Golden Horn by the Emperor Justinian in 537 A.D. (fire having destroyed the edifice originally erected by Constantine and replaced by the church built by Theodosia, which was also burned). The dome is one hundred and eighty feet from the floor. To adorn it, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was ravaged of eight serpentine columns, and eight more of porphyry were taken from the Temple of the Sun at Baalbek to add to its beauty. It is alleged that its cost approached $64,000,000, including the "graft." Its artistic value is greatly depreciated by the squalor of

its environment. Looking at this great pile, a speculative wag remarked, with a twinkle in his eye:

"It's all a question of money. Give me the financial assistance of J. D. R., and with one of the big American construction companies to take the contract I can produce a building fully equal to this in less time and for very much less money."

He was right. It would be only a question of deciding to do it. The Landis' comic-opera fine would be sufficient.

The Sultan's Palace and the ancient Hippodrome are also places of great interest. In the latter were deposited the four gilded bronze horses, supposed to have been brought from Scio, once mounted on Trajan's Arch at Rome, brought here by Constantine. They were taken to Venice by Dandolo, then Napoleon gave them to Paris, and finally after Waterloo they were restored again to St. Mark's at Venice.

In Constantinople we also saw three or four other Mosques of great size, and the Seraglio grounds and Palace. In the latter we saw the gates through which the odalisks who had lost the sultan's favor passed beyond to be executed. The passage of this gate made our flesh creep when we thought of all it meant to the unfortunates; but near by, in agreeable contrast, is the "Gate of Felicity," which is the entrance to the sultan's harem. Through this the new favorites entered and remained till they had grown old and lost their charm.

The Imperial Ottoman Museum is full of good things purloined from other art centres. It contains many fine examples of Greco-Roman sculptures, statues and reliefs, in marbles, terra-cotta and bronze. The figures of dancing women have a swing and their draperies a palpable swish —as if a breeze were stirring them—seen only in this school of art. It also contains Alexander the Great's

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"THE MOOSKI," CAIRO. THERE ARE MILES OF STREETS IN THIS ARTISTIC MARKET WHERE RUGS, TAPESTRIES, LACES, AND ORIENTAL *BRIC-À-BRAC* MAY BE SECURED BY THE ANXIOUS AT AN ALARMING SACRIFICE. EVERY MINUTE IS A BARGAIN DAY

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SAMPLES OF CONSTANTINOPLE'S BRAND OF "WHITE WINGS." IT'S A SIGHT FOR GODS AND MEN TO SEE THESE JOLLY DOGS GOBBLE THE TURKISH TIDBITS AFTER THE SUN HAS SET.

sarcophagus, which is regarded as one of the finest examples of Greek art in existence.

The Grand Bazaar is both a sight and a town in itself, full of streets, entries, lanes and alleys, covered here and there as an arcade, into which the sun never penetrates. The dim light, the great crowds of strangely costumed people, —veiled women with their children in hand, attended by eunuchs, some chattering, some silent and aloof—but all intent on bargaining and eager for the fray. This novel and engrossing picture is made possible and is enhanced by the bewildering variety and display of Oriental goods and wares—rugs, perfumes, cosmetics, weapons, shawls, embroideries, inlaid tables, porcelains, brassware, silks, fans, jewels, laces, gold and silver ornaments of infinite variety—all piled up and strewn about as if they had been pitchforked by some magician into an enchanted market-place, with the god of greed and chance presiding.

Limited space forbids the further description of things that are wonderful and interesting, but a few words must be said in regard to facts we would rather not think about. The population is about 1,125,000, and most visitors think there is a mangy, flea-bitten dog for each inhabitant; but the official dog census has placed the canine population at about 125,000. The dogs of Stamboul and Constantinople are a necessity and a book might be written about them alone, as they have ruled these cities from a sanitary point of view for over a thousand years. If they did not set out at night and partially clean up the town, Heaven only knows what it would be like! Their sway is undisputed, and woe betide him who either hurts or kills them — he is a marked man, not only by the Moslems but by the followers of other religions. They have no distinctive owners and just live by their wits, which are keen to an advanced de-

gree; they have rules of the road of their own making, and the luckless cur that breaks them is put out of business in the twinkling of an eye. No one likes them, but they are a thoroughly protected nuisance, for that protection means life to the people. Without their services as devourers the population would die like flies, from epidemics and pestilence. All attempts at doing away with the dogs have resulted in riots and bloodshed: when Mehemet II. rounded them up and exiled them to an island, a great epidemic immediately set in and the rioters compelled the Sultan at the point of the sword to bring them back again. A later attempt was made by an Ottoman chief-of-police to deport these canine "white wings" to Asia Minor: he threw them overboard when out of sight of land, and when this was made public the mob literally tore him limb from limb. So it does not pay to monkey with the Sultan's pets in the home of their nativity. Although no one would suspect it, they have a high order of intelligence and an acute instinct for local government. By some unwritten law they divide the town into districts with sharply defined boundaries invisible to the human eye, yet plainly apparent to the animal. If an intruder crosses this line he is sorry for it before he reaches his first bone. The neighboring dogs pounce on him from all directions, biting his legs, tail and ears, but stopping short when they in turn reach the line, for fear they may also get into trouble for trespassing. When one of the members of a district becomes sick and helpless his comrades do not wait for him to die; they just eat him up and have done with it. So no one ever sees a dead dog in Stamboul: professional pride and *esprit de corps* step in, and the victim is wafted to the happy hunting grounds in less time than it takes to tell of it.

The porters are celebrated for their great strength and

the big loads they can carry. To see them do their work is a most interesting sight: four of them will carry a great cask filled with fluid and suspended from two poles placed on their shoulders—a fair load for a team of horses. They carry these loads with the aid of ingenious appliances and harness, and the amount of lumber, coal, dressed beef and live animals they transport for short distances is simply incredible.

Soldiers are drilling everywhere and a raw lot they are. The treasury is empty, and many of them have only one shoe, and some none at all, only a coarse stocking bound round with rags. They may be experts at killing women and children, but they would make a sorry showing against trained soldiers. And then there are the "battleships:" fierce, devilish-looking bulldogs that could demolish any tin-lined fort in existence if they could only hit it, or even if the sailors could manage to fire the guns—or in fact, if only the guns could be fired by any one—which is exceedingly doubtful.

In smells, the vilest of the vile, including the acrid variety that cuts the nostrils like a razor, Constantinople stands forever and alone on a plinth of infamy, and no language that can be dragged into the arena of expression can be utilized to describe them. They paralyze the intellect and dull the sense of punishment and acute agony. No gladiator could enter the lists with them in deadly combat and live to tell the tale. They arise in part from the débris and remnants of cheese whose position in the flight of time was contemporaneous with that of Alexander the Great; from fish that must have darted beneath the keels of the ships at the battle of Salamis; from tallow, used to grease the chariot wheels at the battle of Marathon (now sold as butter); and from the embalmed beef that was left over from the Crimean War. These with many powerful additions supply the main

force and foundation of all this pervading "sweetness;" but the distinguishing "high lights" come from minor causes, such as the onions of last year rotting in nets hanging in the sun, strings of garlic returned to circulation by the Argonauts when they came back from hunting the golden fleece, but now hung as a badge of trade on the door-jambs; and the frying of eggs, that have long lost their market value, with Bombay *ghee* and young garlic, the whole mellowed and perhaps refined by the continual vapors from open sewers. One fragrance that perhaps tickles the olfactory nerve with more delicacy than all others and might be called a perfumed "dream," comes from baking a garlic pie piping hot in the open, with Turkish Limburger as a substantial ingredient. This zephyr when in full action sets at naught the vain attempt of asafœtida to hold its place in the history of smells that used to rank with Araby the Blest. If Alexander had inhaled one whiff of this combination in its full purity it would have floored him in Constantinople and he could not have lived to conquer the world. One of the "Corks" fainted when he hit the embalmed beef zone and was taken to the rear in a red cross ambulance.

The sights in these places are too dreadful for publication, and as for the taste—well, I tried a speck of fried sausage and thought I had touched a live wire! it left a scar on my tongue. We made a special excursion to see these sights and experience the smells. The driver of our carriage took advantage of a stop to take a drink at a Turkish *café;* the procession of vehicles began to move, and as we were in the middle of it our horses had to move too. This left us without a driver and I had to mount his seat and drive half a mile at a walk before our man caught up with us. In the crowded, narrow streets this experience was not a pleasant one, but I did the best I could and nothing happened of note excepting

A CROWD AT THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM, WAITING FOR THE DOORS TO OPEN. EACH TRIBE IS IMPATIENT TO ENTER AND OCCUPY ITS OWN SPACE

that in turning a sharp corner the team ran up on the sidewalk, from which I was chased with wild gestures and eastern profanity by a Turkish son of a wooden gun, much to the amusement of the natives and the rest of the procession. Still, the Turks, who are steeped in these conditions, seem to enjoy them: they laugh and joke at the unsuccessful attempts of the outlander to acquire their tastes. If they are happy, why should we object?

The costumes of the Turk are without number: there is no cut nor pattern of garment that is not embraced in their fashion plates and the colors run riot through all the gamut of the rainbow. But, seriously, they beat all other nations in the arrangement of their head-dress; no Turk is too poor or too low in caste to devote his time and attention to what he wears on his head. Of course, the rich ones have immense turbans, woven with stranded ropes of cloth in bright parti-colors, placed on the head as a finish to the toilet with as much care as a wedding cake is posed on a table; but the *poor* Turk takes a red fez as a basis to build on, and will, with cheese-cloth, or a strip of old toweling, or a wisp of worn-out silk and some feathers, turn out an effect that it is almost impossible to imitate even where ample facilities are at hand. Some of them wear their turbans well back on the head, some pitched forward, many with a rake to the side; but all with the artistic instinct that compels instant admiration. They are the "old masters" of headgear and their masterpieces may be seen by the thousand in any crowded street.

About the time we were in Constantinople, the new Turkish political force known the world over as the "Young Turks' movement," was just springing into life. The members of this body were eager to meet and mix with visitors and obtain their views and opinions of the probabilities of success, and a general endorsement of

their work; so it was no trouble to have them visit us on the *Cork*, as she lay at anchor at the mouth of the Golden Horn. We conversed with them freely and listened to the recital of their wrongs and how they proposed to right and correct them. Political corruption and "graft," they said, were rampant everywhere, destroying the country and blighting every enterprise and industry. A Young Turk told me that many manufactories would be started were it not that the rapacity of the horde of petty officials was such that all must get a share of the spoils before a license could be granted, and that paying this toll would amount to much more than the cost of the factory. From the sultan down to the smallest custom house official, all must get a squeeze out of the victim whom they meet in any kind of business. The appellation, "The Sick Man of the East," presents in brief the picture of an unwholesome looking man, who is allowed to sit tight on his throne and plunder his people because the Powers can't agree on the division of his empire. When one looks at Abdul in his carriage one sees at a glance a coffee-colored knave who, when he gazes at the crowd from behind the mask of his face, is simply engaged in scheming a new twist in "graft," and wondering whether or not they can stand it and live. The Sultan is an expert pistol-shot and has killed many native visitors without the slightest proof that they were about to do him harm; if they made a suspicious movement of any kind he shot them down in cold blood and had them thrown into the Bosphorus. Abdul had an eye on the main chance and did not consider it wise to have all his eggs in one basket, so he deposited the hundred million dollars he wrung from his people—what is called his "private fortune"—in banks all over the world. The Young Turks are after this "pile," and he is not likely to retain it all and save his neck from the

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THIS IS QUEEN HATSHEPSET'S DER-AL-BAHARI TEMPLE AT THEBES, ORNAMENTED WITH FINE GOLD. THE ORIGINAL METHODS BY WHICH "HATTY" SWIPED THE MONEY TO BUILD THIS TEMPLE LEAVE WALL STREET TIED TO THE HITCHING POST AT THE SUB-TREASURY STEPS

OUR HOSPITABLE HOST AND HOSTESS IN THEIR SALON WHERE THEY ENTERTAINED US AT JERUSALEM

rope. Perhaps his most horrible crime was instigating the annihilation of 360,000 Armenians: this act alone places him on the pedestal of infamy for all time. But the pedestal is rocking, and his hour is near at hand. His territory in Europe has shrunk from 230,000 to 60,000 square miles. In a little while there won't be much left to divide, but there are other forces at work, and these serious natives tell you that nothing can now stop the progress of the task they are engaged in and that the days of the sultan are numbered. We believed in their sincerity and determination, and wished them every success. As a wind-up it will perhaps amuse the reader to note the high-sounding list of titles that the sultan—this "cutpurse and king of shreds and patches"—has given to himself. Here they are, all fresh roasted, with a few added words to fill in the interstices of his portrait:

*THE SULTAN'S TITLES*

"Abdul Hamid, Beloved Sultan of Sultans, Emperor of Emperors;"
"The Shadow of God upon the Earth;"
"Brother of the Sun"—(*Times* and *Tribune*);
"Dispenser of Crowns"—(half-crowns and tu'penny-bits)—"to Those who Sit upon Thrones"—(and gunny-bags);
"Sovereign of Constantinople"—(and of all its mangy, flea-bitten dogs);
Easy Boss of Broussa, as well as Damascus, which is the "Scent of Paradise;"
"King of Kings"—(and two-spots); whose army is the asylum of "graft" and dummy guns; at the foot of whose throne sits Justice with the bandage off one eye so she can watch the coin!

## SMYRNA

We left Constantinople without regret and steamed up into the Black Sea, making a circle in it, and then re-

turned down into the Sea of Marmora, so as to get a good view of both the Asiatic and European sides of the city; then out, through the Dardanelles and on to Smyrna. This passage was all over classic ground, and every mile of it has made history for thousands of years.

Smyrna has 225,000 people, and is the cleanest and most respectable city the Turks own. In ancient times Crœsus lived here after he had made his pile, and at the present day great numbers of wealthy men make it their home, and there is a good deal of luxury seen in the suburbs. It has the trade from Asia Minor. Homer was born here, and wrote and sang his immortal poetry along its rocky shores. It was conquered by Alexander the Great, and after he had destroyed it he ordered it rebuilt a few miles farther off so as not to forget it, and it became very prosperous. The Knights of Malta and the Arabs fought the Turks for many years for its possession, but the Turks have held it against all comers up to date. It was shaken down to ruins by an earthquake in 180 A.D., and this was followed by disastrous shocks in 1688, 1788, and 1880.

Its great trade is in figs, dates, sponges, silks, and rugs; but the greatest of these is the rug. These stuffs come in loaded on long trains of camels. I may say that no one has any idea of what this animal is like if he has only seen it in a zoo or in a circus parade. I watched the trains by the hour with absorbing interest. The professional, business camel is a big, fine, intelligent animal, who carries himself with the utmost dignity and strides along looking neither to the right nor the left, refusing to take notice of any noise or disturbance that would—and often does—upset his owners, whom he follows with implicit confidence. He is willing to make an honest and prompt return for his food and the care

that is given him. I could not help thinking that if a man from Mars came down and did not know the conditions here, he would think the camel was master, and not the noisy crowd that surrounded him.

St. Polycarp, the second Bishop of Smyrna, was executed here because he would not recant his faith; he was a disciple of the Apostle John, and this incident shows the antiquity of the place.

The trade of Smyrna exceeds that of Constantinople: five thousand people are engaged in making rugs, but the best ones are brought in on camel back from seven hundred miles away. They have a curious way of selling the rugs that arrive from the interior: the dealer must buy the unopened bales with no opportunity to examine the rugs, so it is really a lottery and feeds the desire for gambling that prevails in business dealings in the Orient.

Smyrna is a beautiful, oriental city; it produces nothing, but exchanges everything and gets a shave for doing it: it is the home of Eastern luxury and of the finest women in Asia. Much more could be written about this city with a guide-book as a basis of information, but it would not be interesting produced in this way.

We heard a native "ragtime" band, playing tom-tomic strains—the lyric style of dinner-gong music that tears holes in the air. The leader was an imitator of Sousa and had his gymnastic eccentricities down to a fine point. He executed a fantasia on his horn of plenty that brought a shower of silver on the stage. We were told that the members of the orchestra were called the "Flowers of Music from Stamboul," and were working their passage to the "halls" of the European capitals. May the hat never be returned empty nor the charm of their work grow less!

## THE HOLY LAND

### JAFFA

Our next stopping place was Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem. The water at the landing is very rough, but the sturdy natives jump into the boats and show rare skill in handling the passengers, tossing them round like sheep into safe spots of vantage in the large boats used for disembarkation.

Jaffa has a population of 35,000. It is celebrated for its fine oranges, which grow in profusion about the city to the extent of 8,000,000 oranges every year. It has fine trains of camels, and 15,000 pilgrims to the Holy Land pass through it annually, many of them Russian pilgrims. It costs them about $60 to make the trip, and many of them spend their lives in saving this money for the purpose. The railroad to Jerusalem is fifty-four miles long. Simon the tanner was born here; his house was supposed to be on the hillside, but another house farther down the hill at the water-front was agreed on by those financially interested, so as to have something notable to show the visitor just as he stepped from the gang-plank. A guide said to us, pointing out a thirty-year old fig tree:

"Dar is de feeg tree de great man preech under all dose years ago; long time, ain't it?"

The streets are narrow and crooked, no room for vehicles, so we had to trek about two miles to the railroad station, the baggage being sent there by teams. After getting on the train we ran through orange, fig, olive, lemon, pomegranate and date groves, then over a great flat, fertile plain, the Plain of Sharon, fifty miles long and averaging eight miles wide, ploughed by camels,

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM—"THE FINEST BUILDING IN THE EAST." THE TURKS AND MOHAMMEDANS WASH THEIR FEET IN THE DRINKING FOUNTAINS HERE, BUT THAT, OF COURSE, IS A MERE DETAIL. IT CLEARLY SHOWS, HOWEVER, THE COURAGEOUS FREEDOM AND *SANS SOUCI* OF THE PEOPLE

oxen and horses. This gave way to lands not so good, but covered by a great variety of flowers, followed by stony patches, and finally by ranges of bare, rocky mountains with but little vegetation on them and quite forbidding and desolate in their appearance; but every mile was historic ground. We were shown the town said to be the Arimathea of the New Testament, and the Crusaders' Tower, one hundred and twenty feet high. Here Samuel was a judge and Israel asked for a king. Then the Hill of Gezer, with ruins of the old city presented to Solomon by Pharaoh as a dowry for his daughter. Now we see Zorah, the birthplace of Samson, where the Ark was held up by the Philistines before they returned it to the Israelites, fearing it would bring a curse on them, and also where he tied burning brands to the foxes' tails so as to set fire to the ripening crops.

Farther along we come to Bittir, so strongly fortified that it took the Romans three years to capture it, costing them the lives lost in the horrible massacre described in the Talmud—one of the largest in all history.

And now the train stops at Jerusalem. This railroad is a tiny affair, and the officials marked up the class of some of its carriages by painting out one numeral from "II," leaving it a "I" class carriage, thus turning a second into a first just to keep up the spirit of deception that is the potent atmosphere of the Holy Land. But we were in Jerusalem and didn't care a rap, even though the varnish on the seats was wet and we were stuck to them like limpets to a rock in the sea.

It was quite a strain on the Holy City to take care of such a crowd, but all was well managed and we were comfortably stowed away somewhere (many in convents), and only the most confirmed "kickers" could offer any fair objection to the arrangements,

## JERUSALEM

Very few writers and hardly any lecturers and speakers who have visited Jerusalem have told the truth about it, or if some of them have, they told only the pleasant part of it. In fact, it has usually been given a treble coat of whitewash, entirely misleading to those who are to follow them. When the writer holds Jerusalem to be the greatest of historical cities with all the reverence due to it, and yet finds it in the hands of the Turkish government—which does not know the meaning of truth nor of honesty; which by its example prostitutes every decent feeling in the minds of the people to its own base ends, and permits the barefaced robbery and oppression, not only of the visitor but of its own citizens—then I say the modern writer has a delicate task to perform in describing it, for in relating the facts he might seem to be railing and scoffing at religion and biblical history, whereas nothing is farther from his mind or his intention. Everything is so interwoven that it is hard to separate the serious and truthful from the ridiculous and fraudulent. This deceit is not alone of to-day; it goes back to the times when landmarks and historic evidences were obliterated by wars, earthquakes and revolutions, and when all traces of locations during these upheavals of centuries were lost and covered with *débris* sometimes one hundred and fifty feet deep, the city of Jerusalem itself not having a single inhabitant for over fifty years in one period of its history. Then the "holy men" of those old days saw at once their opportunity to make religion both popular and paying, as well as the necessity for doing so, and they therefore invented a system of "pious frauds" by selecting bogus sites on particular spots for this, that, and the other incident which occurred in the great religious dramas in the Holy Land. These selections gave

the ignorant, to whom they wholly appealed, some material, practical object on which to lay hold — something to worship which they could see and feel; and this was where the profit lay. Thus we find that there are crowded in the rooms of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre over thirty "sacred sites." There is the exact spot where the clay was found to make Adam; Adam's grave; the tears of the Virgin petrified in the form of a cross. Then there is the Stone of Unction; near by the Chapel of the Parted Raiment, where Christ's clothes were gambled for, again, the spot where He was crowned with thorns; the place where they scourged Him; that spot beyond is where they nailed Him to the cross—and the hole for the cross has been carefully cut out, no doubt by the best local stone-cutter not so many years ago. Then there is the long story of the finding of the true cross—but why further speak of these absurd fictions, intended to fool and work upon the poor Greek, Armenian, Syrian, Latin, Copt, Abyssinian and Russian pilgrims—in fact, all who are ignorant and credulous and will give *bakshish* to these fat and sleek bandits, who never did an honest day's work in their lives and who couldn't be driven with a shotgun to do any kind of labor! At birth they are dedicated to organized robbery and oppression and they have no thought of disturbing this dedication—not if they know it! For fees, they show the "Cradle," a heavy, marble bath tub that would take many men to rock it with a crowbar. They exhibit the "Manger," also in marble (!), that never had a straw in it, and if you seem credulous they will tell you anything they think you will swallow. I pretended to believe them, and in consequence got a load of lies that would have made Ananias clap his hands with joy. And so on *ad infinitum!* By one "holy" pretence and another they rob these poor victims of their money till it is all gone, when they are

allowed to go home as best they may. All religions, including the Roman Catholic and the Protestant, should combine to form a universal commission, which should be supplied with funds raised by public subscription the world over for the purpose of regulating Jerusalem. The objectionable buildings and "fake" objects should be razed to the ground, and it should be the duty of this commission to set forth and establish the authentic, historical sites and locations as nearly as reasoning and induction can locate them, and it should also be its province to see that proper treatment, protection and accommodation are given the poor pilgrims who go there annually; the rich and educated can take care of themselves.

The whole city is in a most disgusting state—unclean, vile and unspeakable in almost every respect; it is the sink of Christendom and its condition is a disgrace to humanity and to all sects of religion.

Jerusalem is a very old city: Abraham lived there and it was David's capital. When Solomon was king it was one of the mighty and magnificent cities of the world. Sixteen sieges have destroyed it, and the city of to-day is really built on the ruins of its seven predecessors. How utterly preposterous, then, is it for any one to attempt to identify the sacred places! The present population is 60,000. It is a walled city and has eleven gates. The Mosque of Omar is its principal feature; this was completed by Solyman the Magnificent in 1561; parts of the construction were done by the Crusaders. It has a noble dome and is a masterpiece of architectural beauty; it is said to be one of the finest buildings in Asia.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre the various sects have certain portions allotted to them for worship; the lines between them are guarded by armed soldiers, and if even an unintentional trespass is committed, a bloody riot usually ensues. In one of these three men were

THE WAILING PLACE JERUSALEM THE LESS SAID ABOUT THIS, THE BETTER

killed and many wounded a few days before we arrived, and the defeated sects were planning reprisals when we were leaving. This is Christianity at high pressure, and is characteristic of the whole place.

We saw Mount Zion, the Mount of Olives, the Damascus Gate, Calvary, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Pool of Siloam, the Pool of Bethesda, and the other celebrated places mentioned in the Bible. These were fairly authentic, as they were not "spots," but wide places of considerable dimensions, and not gathered under one roof.

The condition of the "Wall of Wailing"—which, by the way, is an open, paved court—is particularly offensive in a sanitary sense and no self-respecting person should enter it. Some writers have spoken plainly about these things. Here is a quotation from an eminent writer on the East, Dr. D. E. Lorenz, who knows his subject thoroughly, and to whom I am indebted for other data herewith:

> "The moral degeneracy of the people as a whole is incredible. Profanity and obscenity are said to be mingled in the speech of the common people to an extent unknown among almost any other people on earth. Filthy homes and utter uncleanliness of person are the general rule. Sanitation is almost wholly disregarded, and it is a wonder that a plague does not sweep away all the inhabitants. . . . Dishonesty is reduced to a fine art. . . . The crowded streets with their Babel of confusion—the shouts of the donkey boys, the loud cries of the camel drivers, and the calls of those who would sell their wares to every passer-by, together with the hurly-burly of people in strange garb and speaking in strange tongues—all this tends to destroy . . . the religious glamour."

The "puller-in" and the "barker" of Baxter Street and the Bowery are mere sucking doves compared with the vendors of Jerusalem: they will get in front of you and pull you into their shops, and the only way you can prevent an assault is to jump to the other side of the

street or dive into an alley. If you do not buy from them they will guy you and tell you to your face that they wish Americans would stay at home unless they will spend their money like the gentlemen they pretend to be. If at the end you buy nothing, they will shout derisively, "Skidoo! twenty-three! no good!" and other slang of a more or less complimentary nature. The English rule them with a rod of iron; they thrash them with a cane or whip which they carry for the purpose, and consequently the natives do not bother Johnnie Bull but allow him to pass in silence. The Emperor William was here a short time since, and they opened a new gate to let him in and removed the small boulders from the road so that his Imperial Majesty might not be jolted in driving about the country. William wants to be friendly and get a big slice of the "melon" at the cutting. Lady Burdett-Coutts, noticing the dangerous character of the water, offered to equip a fine, free system for the city, taking the supply from the head waters of the Jordan, but the sultan refused the offer unless he did the building. This proposal Lady Coutts declined, well knowing that if she accepted it there would be no works, but that the "Brother of the Sun" would keep the money.

The "Corks" were invited to a reception in Jerusalem given by a native lady in her own home, surrounded by every luxury and refinement as these are known in Asia Minor. She received us very graciously, with a distinguished, high-bred air, knowing just what to say and do at the psychological moment. She treated Mrs. Galley-West with the same impartiality that she showed toward some of the aristocratic members of the Rittenhouse Square set of Philadelphia who honored us with their presence. She was highly educated and an accomplished linguist, so practically all the varieties of Volapük were alike familiar to her, and she could make Jean, Ivan, Hans,

Franz or Johnny equally at home in her presence; as, if she could not quite "hit it off" with him in one language, she could quickly shift to another and talk to him in the kind in which he could best express himself.

Music was rendered and refreshments served by natives in oriental style and costume. Her husband was an American, an enthusiastic collector of ceramics and Levantine *bric-á-brac*, and the owner of a celebrated collection of scarabs—not bought at the Luxor factory, but separated from the mummies with the golden lever one must use to acquire these treasures; because it is the same, whether a collector has them dug from the graves for gold or whether he buys them after some one else has dug them. We know the practice here in another form (only ours is on a silver basis), when we catch our speckled beauties in the mountain streams with a silver hook and hang them high on a pole at supper time for local fame and universal admiration. Anyhow, the "real thing" in scarabs is not to be sneezed at when it is a fact that they have lain beside a Pharaoh in his grave long before Noah thought of laying the keel of his *Mauretania*. And don't forget that our first captain must have had a live pair of them on his historic houseboat, in order that they should be cavorting on the banks of the Nile to-day. But this indulgence in "piffle" has led us away from the main entrance, and we must come back to the floor of the *salon* in which our reception was being conducted.

Large operations in excavation are now in progress in the East, and sometimes they "strike it rich," as the boys used to say in Nevada. One of these companies uncovered a terra-cotta lamp factory, in which were found literally thousands of small, crude lamps, each with a *strupe* to hold the wick through which the oil passed. These were of two sizes, the small ones being

called "wise virgins," and the larger ones "foolish virgins." There were at least a thousand of them on hand at the beginning of the reception, and each guest was given one by our hostess. When it came to my turn, my heart was in my mouth! She asked which I would have, so I said,

"Oh, madam, give me a 'foolish virgin,' by all means!"

Her smiling face turned at once to stone. She handed me a lamp with a freezing look, in this way trying to stem the tide of giggles that this request provoked. It was no use; the character of the sacred function was forever lost through my thoughtless way of asking for the lamp.

Slowly and alone, I "hiked" back to the hotel, feeling that as a receptionee I had "put my foot in it," and must in future be regarded as a social back number.

## JERICHO

### *The Jordan and the Dead Sea*

After visiting all the places in Jerusalem that were of interest to us, we set out in carriages for a long and tiresome drive to Jericho and its environs. We passed Gethsemane and went over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. The Mount of Olives is four thousand feet above sea level, and consequently has a perfect climate even in hot weather. From it we saw the plain of the Jordan and the mountains of Moab in the distance — truly a magnificent panorama. After awhile we reached the "Good Samaritan" Inn and had some rest and refreshments there. An old Bedouin, tall, spare, and with a fine, military bearing, had a lot of old flint-lock guns for sale at the inn, but his historical knowledge and dates were decidedly mixed. He didn't care anything about facts

THE DEAD SEA WITH THE LONE FISHERMAN IN FRONT. HE HAS JUST HEARD THAT THE FISH ARE NOT BITING AND IS SOMEWHAT DEPRESSED IN CONSEQUENCE

or the truth if he could only sell a gun to a credulous customer. To give verisimilitude to his statements, he said he had fought at Waterloo on the English side and had killed Napoleon with one of these guns—he did not know which, but the buyer could have his choice. As this was the grandest and most daring lie I had ever heard, I gave him an American quarter, for which he was very grateful, as he needed the money.

We went down through wild mountain gorges to the plain below. In former times the Bedouins who infest these mountains robbed the visitors and were a menace to travel, so it became the custom to "settle" with the chiefs for "protection" (from themselves) before starting. The management paid up for us and we were duly protected. In none of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas can any incident be found that is more delicious in its comicality and topsy-turvyism than was our experience with these bandit chiefs. They were mounted on small, nimble horses which had all the sure-footedness and agility of the chamois, and sprang from rock to rock with surprising certainty. The rider chief was armed to the teeth: he had a long rifle that had not been fired since the last siege of Jerusalem slung across his back, round his body were courses of daggers, pistols and dirks —awfully bloodthirsty-looking things, don't you know; then he wore a magnificent, three-story turban, topped off with a big bunch of dyed green alfalfa; the *tout ensemble* was completed by a dark red, flowing robe which swept behind him in the wind like the wings of an angel of death. This great man would bow to us ceremoniously, place his hand on his heart, put spurs to his horse and dash to the top of the nearest hill; then, shading his eyes, he would scan the horizon with careful scrutiny. Now with leaps and bounds he would descend again, and planting himself before us in the road, would an-

nounce that there were no robbers in sight, or that his appearance had frightened them off, and then shout at the top of his voice,

"BAKSHISH! BAKSHISH!!"

although he had been already paid. There were four of them guarding us, and at the end they lined up across the road with the idea that we would have to settle, but we brushed through them, pushing some of them on their backs, so their bluff was "called."

Rooms were scarce at the Jordan hotels, and the drivers of the light carriages were anxious to get there ahead of one another in order to secure the first choice for their fares; so a general edging up took place which resulted finally in a steeplechase across the fields, in which several were thrown out. Our carriage led for the last mile, but was passed by two others at the finish, thus giving us third place and single rooms as our reward.

My apartment was a whitewashed cell, without ventilation, but it was "mine own" and I was happy. The mirror was hung so high that I had to make a pyramid of three boxes on which to stand while shaving. They were quite rickety, and I was between the Scylla of cutting my throat with the razor and the Charybdis of breaking my bones by a fall on the floor. Neither happened, however.

We went in to dinner. The hotel put up a fine showing of red napkins, plated cruet stands (with nothing in the bottles), bundles of toothpicks, last week's bread, bright green pickles (that had been dropped into some kind of pungent, commercial acid which would have made excellent rat poison); paper napkins with Corot landscapes printed on them; and plenty of gingersnaps and lady fingers, pretty thoroughly flyblown; the whole supplemented with sheaves of wild flowers cut in the fields with

RIVER JORDAN, WHERE WE CROSSED ON A FERRY-BOAT; THE ONLY REASON FOR DOING IT WAS TO TRY A VOYAGE WITHOUT STEWARDS' FEES

a scythe. It all looked grand and imposing for the money, but somehow lacked the substantial body (as well as fragrance) of beefsteak and onions. The *pièce de résistance* however, really consisted of stewed kid and roast goat. I could not stomach either, so I went out and bought three fresh eggs from a native who kept hens, had them boiled four minutes and was the envy of the entire crowd ever after.

There was a large courtyard, and a big, dark, Byronic-looking dragoman came round and proposed a barbaric dance to our people. Ali Cocash was his name, and he described this dance as an imitation of a fierce and bloody orgy, such as the Bedouins indulge in after a great victory. They were to shout, grunt and brandish their guns, dirks, pistols and swords, and to behave generally in a very disreputable manner; in fact, Ali gravely intimated that it would be no place for timid ladies. This simply whetted our appetites and we promptly closed with him for the dance for a certain amount of "teep." The hat was passed and the tips put in. Then a row of about twenty-five as hangdog-looking Bedouins as were ever strung up in the Valley of Jehoshaphat began a kind of mewling cry, such as a rat would make in a trap. This did not satisfy us and we went for Cocash; we wanted "blood!" or at least an imitation of crime and deviltry. Ali consulted with the Bedouins and came back with a smiling solution of our difficulty. He said,

"My men have had a hard day's work and are tired and not able to do themselves justice, but if you give them more 'teep,' they will give you a good show and you will see something, sure."

Again the hat was passed, and the sons of the desert, after some rest, began anew. This time they brought torches with them, and they did make an abominable lot of noise and flung their armory about in a really reck-

less fashion. One of them dropped a burning torch on his neighbor and set fire to his clothes; this led to a fight which soon became general, and they began to bang one another right and left with anything that came to hand. Blood was flowing freely and the dragoman was in despair. He rushed into a stable and came out with a wooden pitchfork with which he drove them back, and restored order once more.

Two accomplished young ladies from the *Cork* then gave us a skirt dance, which happily closed a very exciting day. I went to bed in my cell. It was a fine, moonlight night, and a three-cornered contest soon started between donkeys braying, jackals howling and dogs barking; but we were very tired, and they made no more impression on us than would Raff's *Cavatina* played on the violin with a mute.

We were up early next morning and off for the Jordan and the Dead Sea. We stopped to look at and drink of Elisha's Fountain, a fine, copious spring forming a large stream. Near it I talked with several German officers who were making excavations for some German savants. They had got down to where the old buildings had been, and were pleased with their prospects. They were nice fellows, and very hospitable—strangers in a strange land usually are.

Next we came to Gilgal, and then to the Jordan. I crossed it in a canoe for sixpence—not that I had any business on the other side, but just to say that I did it, and to make some kind of a voyage for once without tips to the stewards on the passage. The river is about one hundred and thirty-seven miles long and falls three thousand feet on its way to the Dead Sea. They do a large bottling business at places on the banks, where the natives bottle the water and sell it to visitors for baptismal purposes all over the world.

Lower down is the Dead Sea; it is forty-seven miles long, nine miles wide, and thirteen hundred feet deep. Its surface is thirteen hundred feet below sea level; this and the shelter of the hills makes the country very hot in this valley. The Dead Sea water contains five times as much salt as the ocean. Six and a half million tons of water flow into it from the Jordan daily, which amount is evaporated, as the sea has no outlet. No living thing can exist in it, and the bathers who try to swim rise to the surface like corks.

We returned to Jerusalem the way we had come, meeting a train of eighty camels on the way, which some one called the "oriental express." After staying a couple of days at Jerusalem, we returned to the *Cork*, which was waiting for us at Joppa. The natives had not "moved" Simon the tanner's house again and we saw it once more.

We sailed for Alexandria and reached it next day. Alexandria is now a big, modern town and has a great history behind it, too long for any repetition here. Not long ago, before "Charley" Beresford, the popular Irish admiral, had gained his title, he commanded the *Condor* at the siege of this city, and before the Turks knew it he had stolen under their forts and they could not point their "graft"-made guns down on him. Through this advantage he "batted out" a famous victory and the Turks surrendered in short order. After he had completed the *coup*, his admiral signaled the now famous words, "Well done, *Condor!*" which rival the Duke's, "Up, Guards, and at them!" of Waterloo memory. He is to-day almost as well known and as great a favorite in America as he is in London.

We took the train and arrived at Cairo in four hours.

## EGYPT

### CAIRO

Cairo is the largest city in Africa, having a population of 570,000, of whom 35,000 are Europeans. It is the Paris of the East, and is the most varied and fascinating place on the earth. It is a military city with English soldiers, Arab lancers, Soudanese infantry and Egyptian cavalry, all in picturesque variety of uniform; added to this is the gayety of the official government life, all on pleasure bent. Most of their time is spent in play, as they only work from 10 till 1 P.M.—the climate prevents longer hours. Cairo has every amusement of the European capital, and each is played for all it is worth. I was there in 1874 on my way round the world, and I now found it so much changed and improved that it was a strange place to me. I stayed at "Shepheard's" both times. On my first visit this hotel was set in a tropical park and had no buildings near it; now it is closely surrounded by high, costly, substantial structures quite cosmopolitan in their appearance. It was the only good hotel then; now there are half a dozen rivals, as Egypt has become a great winter resort for fashion and health. From Shepheard's veranda, crowded with tourists, one may see hawkers of all kinds yelling, or coaxing possible purchasers, and offering post-cards, ornamental fly-whisks, walking-sticks, shawls, scarabs, etc.; snake charmers, boys with performing animals, jugglers, and every possible thing you can think of that might be bought for a souvenir; then we have the Egyptian women with blue gowns and their faces below the eyes hidden by hideous black veils; Bedouins from the desert; a pasha in state, with runners both before and behind his carriage; a professional letter-writer who for a couple of *piastres* will

POOL OF SILOAM, JERUSALEM, HOLY LAND

write a letter in almost any desired language; a camel train laden with oriental merchandise passing in the midst of trolley-cars, bicycles and automobiles; a fellah woman with a donkey loaded with baskets of poultry, or a turkey vendor driving his flock before him, guiding its movements by a palm branch; a milkman driving his cow and milking it in public for his waiting customers; a wedding procession preceded by a group of dancing girls, or two half-naked mountebanks engaging in pretended combats; a gaudily bedecked bride riding in a gorgeous palanquin borne by two camels, followed by camels carrying furniture and presents; a funeral procession with black-shawled professional mourners howling their mercenary grief—all this and more too is Cairo.

The climate of Egypt is peculiar: from noon till 5 P.M. it is hot and uncomfortable; the other nineteen hours are delightfully cool in winter, the air being very dry and healthful, with little or no rain. At Cairo the Citadel is the main attraction. It stands on a rampart two hundred and fifty feet above the city and is a splendid fortress. The city has many mosques—hundreds of them; the most important one is that of Sultan Hassan. The Museum is very interesting, and contains the best things from all the temples of Egypt, objects that could not well stand exposure nor the risk of theft. Then, of course, there are the Pyramids of Gizeh, three in number, and the Sphinx. These world wonders are about six miles from Cairo. Few will realize that the big one sits on a base of thirteen acres and is over four hundred and fifty feet high. Pick out in your mind's eye some large field of about that size, and then build it up from that base and you will have some idea of what this structure is like. It contains three million cubic yards of stone and was simply a tomb for an Egyptian king. It has a

majestic dignity and impressiveness exceeding that of any other work of man; as it is approached one feels like an ant in its presence.

The Sphinx near by is of the same nature. It is sixty-six feet high, hewn out of the living rock. No one has discovered with what intention it was made nor what it is meant to represent. It is said to be the emblem of immortality, and it impresses the visitor with the idea that it sits serene in its nobility above the earth and its inhabitants and all else that the world contains. It has always been a riddle and will always remain one. A thought struck me when looking at the Pyramids and the Sphinx, and that was that no object of any kind, natural or artificial, has ever been seen by so many great men in all ages as has this group at Gizeh. For six thousand years the great of all nations have made an effort to look upon these mammoth monuments: Alexander saw them, so did Napoleon and Admiral Nelson; also the heroes of Salamis and Marathon; all the Roman emperors who could spare the time; lines of European kings and emperors; poets, sculptors and dramatists of ancient and modern days; statesmen, painters and writers —all made pilgrimages to them; while these very same stones were seen by Cleopatra, Mark Antony, Joseph, Jacob and Abraham, as well as by thousands who preceded them in history. They are awe-inspiring, and the spectator, do what he may, cannot release himself from this feeling.

A short ride on a camel round the group winds up the visit, and the view from the "high ground" of its back across the great desert convinces the rider that he is really in the East. Since it rarely storms in lower Egypt and rains are unknown here, this would seem to be the ideal spot for our new wind wagons. They would carry you above the flies, the reflected heat and the dust.

VIRGIN'S FOUNTAIN, HOLY LAND

Then, too, what a nice, soft place the sand would make for a final landing place!

Cairo lately had a real estate boom which ended in a financial crash. One man made about three million dollars in it, and when he lost this fortune committed suicide. They employed American methods, holding auction sales of lots in tents, with brass bands, refreshments, etc. The East is hardly ready for that sort of thing just yet.

### *The Mummy and the Scarab*

The word "mummy" is derived from the Arabic word *mumiya*, meaning bitumen, or wax, which was the principal ingredient used in preserving the human body by the Egyptians. To this were added spices, aromatic gums, salt and soda. The rich paid about the equivalent of $1200 per body to have the embalming done; the middle classes for a cheaper process paid about $100, while it cost the poor but a small sum to simply salt their dead. I saw the naked body of Rameses II. in the Cairo Museum; it had been preserved with bitumen, and was black and hard, but perfect, and will last forever. Many bodies more cheaply embalmed fall to pieces when the cloth is unrolled from them. The people of Thebes understood the business best, and brought the art to perfection, but each of the twenty-six dynasties had its own method and reputation. The reason for preserving the body was the belief that the soul after purification would return to it in ages to come, and the corpse was made impervious to decay so as to receive the spirit again. Egypt was consequently a vast sepulchre: it has been estimated by eminent authorities that there were over seven hundred millions of the dead preserved in tombs and graves.

The scarab is an Egyptian beetle of varying size; I

have seen lots of living specimens on the Nile. The ancients believed that if this beetle were placed in the coffin or grave of the dead, no harm could come to them, and that its presence would promote their future happiness and bring them good luck; therefore, it became the custom to place the scarabs in all graves. At first the real insects were used, but it was found that these did not last, so imitations made of semi-precious stones were substituted, and then large quantities were allotted to the dead, so as to make sure. By easy transition, the custom of placing scarabs on the bodies of the dead passed to putting them on the living, and men and women wore the scarab as a silent act of homage to the Creator, who was not only the God of the dead but of the living also. These charms are easily carried and can be used in settings for many ornamental purposes; therefore they are the most popular and widely sought article in the market. They are as small as a coffee bean, and run up sometimes to the size of a walnut, green and brown being the most popular colors of the stones out of which they are made. Vast quantities of them have been taken from graves, but these have been absorbed by museums and amateur collectors, and now we have to fall back on imitations. No yearning desire is allowed to yearn long here, and so we find factories making scarabs at Luxor and in many other parts of Egypt. Of course there is a marked difference between a scarab cut by an old Egyptian, which has been buried for thousands of years, and something made out of glazed terra-cotta and sold by the dozen; the former being worth a good sum of money and the latter a mere trifle. I have spoken of this at such length because there is now a veritable and increasing boom in scarabs all over the Nile Valley, but particularly in Cairo. More than half the men you meet on the streets are peddling them, shouting that they sell

THE TOWER OF DAVID, JERUSALEM

only the "real thing." A man was trying to sell me a gem for $10, and I knocked him out by saying I wanted only an imitation; he put the gem in his pocket, pretending he was exchanging it for an imitation, brought it out again and sold it to me for five cents! I looked at him for a long time and smiled; then he smiled also—we understood each other. This fad is very like the tulip mania of old, and almost every one is touched by it. I saw a dragoman sell a lady three scarabs for $30, and I am quite sure they did not cost him fifty cents.

### THE NILE

We took a train entirely filled with the "Corks," and went up the Nile to Luxor, nearly five hundred miles from Cairo; some of the party were going to other places and would take their turn on the Nile later. When you have seen the ruins at Luxor, Karnak and Thebes you have seen the best there is in Egypt, and there is but little use in looking at minor temples unless you desire to become an Egyptologist. Here is a feast in ruins that will satisfy almost any appetite.

We were quartered on a Nile steamer, moored to the dock, as the hotels were crowded. We had hardly landed on the deck when the flies lit on us in swarms. In all parts of the world I had encountered flies that held the record for abandoned cruelty to man, but they were white-winged angels of peace compared to these tarantulas! They stuck and hung and dug into your flesh with apparent glee. You have whips, whisks, fans and bunches of twigs to chase and defeat them, but it's all no use. You kill a dozen, and a hundred take their place. After standing the pests as long as I could, I got some netting and made bags for my head and hands. This was a great relief, but it had its penalties. Dying *without*

flies is almost as attractive as living on the Nile *with* them.

Gooley Can was our guide. It may be here said of Gooley that he was an Arab of middle age, well set up for the most part; he spoke fair English, and was a conversational soloist of no mean pretensions. He had a brother who was just a plain guide, with a cast in one eye and a great admiration for Gooley; he was generally full of sadness (and grog), brought about by disappointments in his profession. Gooley had a great reputation, and as he was exclusive he always looked his party over and sized it up before taking the job; also he had one wife and was on the lookout for more. He claimed to have piloted rafts of big men up and down the Nile, and was not to be frowned down by anybody. He was a gorgeous, oriental dresser, and had a wardrobe as big and grand as Berry Wall's; so the "Corks" were fortunate indeed in securing the great man. He was known descriptively as the "Snowball of the Nile."

The Luxor Temple was near by, and we started right into business. Gooley gathered us together and gave us a lecture. He said:

"Laydies en genteelmen, ef you plaze: I shall be your guide for a week and I want you to pay attention to me. I want no disputing of what I say. I am an honest man; I speak the truth, and I know my beeziness. You can't expect less; you should not hope for more."

After this explicit statement, Gooley put a roll in his cuffs, cocked his turban at the correct angle, hitched up his sash, cleared his throat, and began the business of the day. He uncorked a new bottle of adjectives in florid description of each wonder as he reached the everlasting wilderness of courts, pillars and obelisks, of hieroglyphics, bas-reliefs, pylons, hypostyles, colonnades, giant rows of columns—till he got out of breath and our

brains seemed muddled into a grand *pot-pourri* done in granite, marble and limestone—but alas! without salt or pepper! Gooley told us what King Bubastis said, what Setee I. did—he of the Armchair Dynasty; how Amenophis III. was no better than he should have been; and that the ladies of those days, including Cleopatra, painted and wore false hair just as they do now.

Gooley had a vein of sarcastic wit about him. He said:

"You Americans think you invent everything, but you don't: there's the cake-walk cut on that stone four thousand years ago. The girls do it in the latest fashion; and over there you will see Queen Hat-shep-set spanking her child, the young king, in the usual manner"—(and in the usual place).

"Lots of men would leave their footprints
Time's eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place."

The temples were very hot in the middle of the day, about ninety-five in the shade, and there was but little air moving, so we sat down for a rest, and it came to pass that Gooley considered this a good time to spring his scarabs on us, with the unvarying formula with which he constantly opened every description:

"Laydies en genteelmen, ef you plaze: you have no doubt heard in Cairo of the fraudulent imitations of scarabs that are being foisted on visitors to the Nile and sold as real scarabs. I have scarabs for sale"—(he was interrupted at this point by applause and hand-clapping, as the "Corks" were eager for the fray and wanted to get into the game).

"Laydies en genteelmen, ef you plaze: I am glad to

see you are interested in my goods, and I will now show them to you. I am an honest man, and so was my father before me. Father and son, we have sold scarabs to the crowned heads of Europe and to the nobility and gentry of England, Scotland and *Ireland*—think of that, Mr. Bayne! I would not cheat you; I am too proud to do that, and if I told you a lie my father would turn in his grave! There were twenty-six dynasties of Pharaohs, and each one of them had scarabs of his own pattern. I have many examples of the oldest and best, some of them having but one eye."

Assured in this wholesale and convincing fashion, the "Corks" fell to and made many purchases from Gooley, who told them that his uncle, Hajie Hassan, was a professional excavator and had lately made an important find in some graves at Thebes, and that every one of his scarabs had been taken by this uncle from the coffins. (By the way, at Thebes they dig mummies with scarabs attached about as we dig our potatoes, and of course the big bugs are the most valuable and expensive.) The prevailing average price was one hundred *piastres* each, but he was very concise and particular about his prices, and for some he charged a few *piastres* less, for others a trifle more, as he said he knew their exact value and asked only the rate that the Museum, the crowned heads and the savants were anxious to pay for them. Some of the "Corks" openly scoffed at this line of talk and threw the gaff into him without mercy. This hurt the great man's feelings, and he jumped up and told them that he was rarely asked for a guarantee, but since suspicion had been cast upon him in an unfair way, he would clear himself by giving each purchaser a written guarantee. Whereupon he pulled out a book like a cheque-book and filled out the details, signed it, and handed each purchaser a "guarantee." This had a

THE SPHINX—THE GRAND OLD GIRL OF ALL SCULPTURE. THE SUN'S KISS WAS THE ONLY ONE SHE EVER HAD. THE QUEEN OF POST-CARDS, TO WHICH THE PYRAMID BEHIND HER RUNS A CLOSE SECOND

tendency to restore confidence and he made some more sales; but it was getting late and we adjourned to the steamer.

We had a *table d'hôte* dinner, and when the Nile fish course was reached, Gooley appeared between the tables, arrayed in gorgeous, Arabic robes, and addressed his audience thus:

"Laydies en genteelmen, ef you plaze: my family has been story-tellers on the Nile for many generations, and ef you plaze I shall tell you some Arabian Nights tales."

With many gestures and admirable poise he told his stories between the courses; the "Corks" laughed, but the laughter had an apologetic ring that did not speak well for its sincerity. The truth is, the men were afraid to laugh in the presence of the ladies, as the stories were full flavored and spicy; but still, no one fainted. I may say that during our voyage Gooley repeated this performance at each dinner and changed his costume on every occasion, always coming out with some little pleasing surprise, such as a silver ornament stuck through the top of his ear (where there was a hole for it). Some of the Arab stewards also wore these, but none was so grand as Gooley's.

Dinner over, we sat out on deck in comfort, as the sun had set and the flies had quit for the day. Beside us was anchored J. P. Morgan's *dahabiyeh*, Mr. Morgan and his party dining on board. He had been up the river and was coming down in easy stages, landing at the various points of interest.

Next morning we mounted donkeys, and with Gooley Can leading we started for Karnak. It was a funny experience, as some of us had never ridden a donkey, and many had not been on horseback for years. We were a weird looking crew, with our heads in net bags and

using our fly-whips like flails. Each donkey has a "boy" (half of them are men), who prods and whips his charge, but without any cruelty, as the riders would not allow it. These boys are full of tricks: when I alighted squarely on the ground, one of them had edged up to me and he set up a loud howl, claiming I had lit on his toes and had broken two of them. I had seen the trick played before, and noticing an Englishman near with a heavy whip I reached for it and made the "boy" really suffer. His friends laughed at his failure, and before long he joined in the merriment at his own expense. He had asked me for three dollars damages, equal to a dollar and a half a toe. On comparing notes in the evening we found that three passengers had parted with *bakshish* on similar claims.

We now entered the largest ruin in the world, the Temple of Karnak, a monument of unparalleled grandeur, whose vast proportions overpower the imagination. The temples at Karnak and Luxor are connected by an avenue six thousand five hundred feet long, with a width of eighty feet, on each side of which are ranged a row of sphinxes. To describe these wonders in detail would require weeks, as will be understood when it is explained that one place, called the "Hall of Columns," alone contains a vast forest of pillars arranged in groups running from thirty-five to sixty feet high and each having a circumference of twenty-seven feet, all highly carved and ornamented. Another object of interest, the First Pylon or Corner Tower, is three hundred and seventy-five feet wide and a hundred and forty-two feet high. Many kings and rulers had a hand in the construction of these great buildings, and it took fifteen centuries to complete them, but one character stands out above all other men and things as a builder of these ruins and the king-pin of Egypt—

RAMESES II.

THE GREAT PHARAOH OF THE XIXTH DYNASTY AND THE GRAND OLD MAN OF ALL TIME, AS HE APPEARS NOW IN A GLASS CASE IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM. IT IS THREE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED YEARS SINCE HE DID A STROKE OF WORK, YET HIS BODY IS SO IMPERISHABLY EMBALMED THAT, IF NOT DESTROYED BY FIRE, IT IS CERTAIN TO BE WITH US TILL THIS EARTH HAS PASSED AWAY. FOR MANY REASONS RAMESES II. IS NOW THE MOST UNIQUE, PICTURESQUE, AND CELEBRATED PERSONAGE IN ALL HISTORY. WE MUST TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO HIM

*Rameses II.*

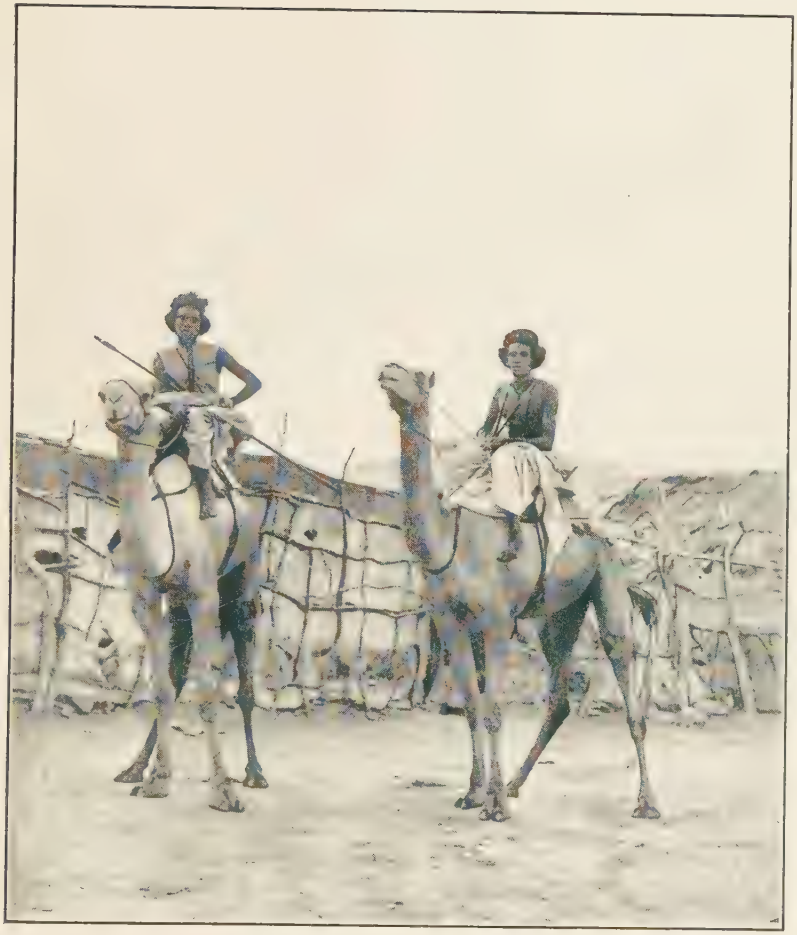
Rameses II. was the greatest advertiser of any age or time. He erected rows of colossal statues to himself all over Egypt, and for fear some one would not notice a *single* figure, he would place half a dozen side by side. He was usually represented in his Sunday clothes, with a pleasing smile, and a granite goatee on his chin as big as a narrow-gauge freight car. (See photograph.) "Ram" was the most celebrated of the Pharaohs; he reigned seventy years, and was over a hundred years old when he died. As a young man he won a real battle, and he spent the rest of his life singing about it through paid, professional poets. He had one hundred and eleven sons and fifty-nine daughters. (That was going some!) However, suspicious hieroglyphics have been found that go to show that Ram was chased in many battles, and that one barbarian had the audacity to tin-can him into the neighboring desert, from which he did not return for many moons. Kadesh was his Thermopylæ, and the Khetas compelled him to recognize their independence at the treaty of Tanis. This made the old man sick, as he was not accustomed to taking "second money." They had no "germans" in those days, but Ram is shown in one of the alto-rilievos in his temple nimbly leading the cake-walk, leaning as far back as ever Dixey did when exploiting that dance. In the matter of carving, Ward McAllister couldn't hold a candle to him: he used no knife nor fork, but slashed his Christmas turkey in pieces with his dirk, ate it and called for the next course. His wife never got any of the white meat—the drum-sticks were good enough for her. He was more than a two-bottle man: this is made plain in the reliefs by the number of "empties" that are stacked

upon his table, and also by the fact that he built and stocked a celebrated wine cellar at Thebes, his best vintage being "1333 B.C."

When Ram dropped into his smoking den after the coronation, the first thing he did was to order all the stone-cutters, from Cairo to the Sixth Cataract, to get out their tools and cut his praises on the stones, rocks, pyramids, tombs and obelisks, according to the plans and specifications of his architects, professional poets and press agents, all along the river right down to low-water mark, and there they stand to this day. One of the favorite postscripts is that this great king never took off his hat to anybody that ever "blew up" the Nile. Even in those very, very early days they had a masonic understanding that he who sails on the Nile must "contribute," and it is a curious fact that that requisition has never been revoked even unto this writing.

On the whole, Ram was a magnanimous man and did not forget his wife; he had her done in a group with himself in which she stands behind his leg and hardly reaches his knee; something like a prize doll at a fair. He got other men to do the most of his fighting and, for that matter, almost everything else, but he never failed to take the credit for whatever they did.

The great men of England are buried in Westminster Abbey, and succeeding generations gaze on their statues with awe and admiration; but as there is nothing of the kind in Egypt, the authorities content themselves with placing the conspicuous heroes and kings of the past in full view in glass cases in the museums, where even the small boys may stare at them in the "altogether," without blanket, bathrobe or pajamas to cover their physical imperfections. After "life's fitful fever," poor old Ram and his historical rivals and friends sleep well in these



ARAB TYPES—CAMEL DRIVERS—SUNBURNT SNOWBALLS OF THE NILE

hard, ebony boxes in the museum at Cairo. Ram had lots of air and elbow room during his spectacular career, and it seems hardly fair that he should be kept on exhibition now, although his mummy is most interesting and always draws a crowd. To parody William a little, it might be said:

> To what base uses may we come!
>
> *  *  *  *  *
>
> Imperial Ram'ses dead and turn'd to clay
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
> O, that that earth, which set the Nile on fire,
> Should lie in glass! this is a fate too dire!

Ram, scarabs, flies, and *bakshish* are, after all, the main things of Egypt and the Nile. I once asked Gooley Can confidentially:

"How many statues did the great king put up for himself—two hundred?"

"Oh, very many more than that! he was a busy man."

But in many departments he had his rivals. Now there was Bubastis I. of the twenty-second dynasty. (His name seems somewhat similar to that of our old friend Bombastes, when pronounced by a man with a cold in his head—but anyway, we'll call him "Bub.") He was a man of not a few accomplishments, many habits and some deeds: for instance, he made a grand-stand play when he started out for Jerusalem with twelve hundred chariots, sixty thousand horsemen and four hundred thousand footmen. He took it hands down in a canter—and took a whole lot of other things, too, when he got his hands in the bags of Solomon's temple. This was a "classy" performance and gave him some small change for the evening of his days. Thebes was his home town and he was as well known in the all-night restaurants as Oscar Hammerstein is on Forty-second Street. He was a great

poker player, and wore an amalgamated copper mask when engaged in a stiff game; it was a helpful foil when trying to work his passage on a pair of trays. This, mind you, was in the stone age of poker, when a man couldn't hide his feelings when he held a full hand. To-day the player sits disconsolate and looks woebegone when glancing at his royal flush.

When Bub got hard up he made raids on the "capitulists" of the day, and often cleaned up both banks of the Nile, from Wady Halfa to Port Said. When short of funds he frequently staked ten cars of watermelons or a bunch of steers on a single hand, and most always "pulled it off." He became infatuated with an odalisk who was a popular favorite at the Beni Hassan opera house—the rock he split on was *Annie Laurie*, that good old song, then well known in Lower Egypt, which she sang with *chic* and abandon. Bub met her at the stage door after the performance, took her to a "canned lobster palace," and then eloped with her to the Second Cataract, instead of coming right over here to Niagara Falls and doing the thing up in regulation style. I assume they had a *Maid of the Mist* at the cataract, and if so he certainly had his photograph taken in a suit of oilskin—but, of course, this is only an assumption. However, it is a certainty that he was a plunger and often cornered the melon crop in the Produce Exchange at Abydos, when the sprouting season was delayed by floods. It is said that Bubastis I. had more scarabs buried with him than had any other king that ever ruled the land; I have no doubt of it, for some of them are offered daily at Shepheard's by a dozen scarab scalpers.

Some sceptical readers may raise their brows at this synopsis of a great man's life, but no suspicions need exist. It was all told to me in strict confidence by Gooley Can in his tent at Luxor, over a cup of afternoon tea. He

explained that he had dug out these facts in the museums in the slack season when tourists were scarce, and that I could rely on them implicitly.

While he was at it, Gooley gave me a few tabloid truths regarding Setee I., who, it seems, rivaled and even excelled both Ram and Bub in the realm of sport. Setee, as his name implies, was not of royal blood, but was descended from a line of chair makers, having their main factory at Beni Suef. As a youth of eighteen he won the single sculls championship, defeating a large field. He was the captain of the cricket eleven, and defeated the Asia Minors in a game which lasted most of the summer, scoring three hundred and seventy-five runs off his own bat in the first innings. This was a great boost for cricket, and it has been popular in England ever since. He was fullback on the Pyramids eleven, and was famous in his day as a punter. He kicked as many goals for his side as ever Cadwalader did when "Cad" was Yale's great centre rush. It was Setee's custom, of a Sunday morning after church was out, to take his pole and vault the Sphinx, just to astonish the Arabs on their native heath; and he was never known to touch her back in making the record. In common with most of the great Pharaohs I have been describing, Setee had a trick of cutting his name on any statue of a dead one that he thought would advance his fame with future generations; he never hesitated to hack out the other fellow's signature and insert his own. In these cases he usually asked the stone-cutter to add a few kind words to show posterity that he was a great man and a good fellow. It will be seen at a glance that this broad-gauge and fearless type of man would be eminently fitted for a dazzling banking career, and feeling entire confidence in himself, Setee organized the First National Bank and Trust Company of Wady Halfa—a comprehensive title, perhaps, but that

was what was wanted. He became its first president, and inaugurated a splendid system of banking—one very much needed to-day. Some of his plans embraced the charging of "reverse interest"—*i. e.*, five per cent. for the responsibility of caring for the depositor's money. He had an act passed compelling all of his subjects worth a thousand *piastres* to deposit in the royal bank, and they had to do it. If anybody failed on him, the debtor had a tooth pulled every month till the debt was paid. But somehow the snap was too soft, for it fell out that in a few years Setee had all the money and there was no more to get nor any customers to do business with, so he closed the bank and with great success promoted the first Nile Irrigating Company, the remnants of which are slowly working out their salvation to-day.

Gooley also stated that the men were not the whole thing by any means:

"Just think what a bird-of-paradise Queen Hatshepset was, and all the history she made!" enthusiastically exclaimed my historical Boswell. She was the daughter of King Thothmes I., who gave her a Pullman palace car name; she was regarded as the Boadicea of the Orient. "Hattie" built temples, fought battles, and was, in fact, found on the firing line during most of her reign. Like most other ladies, she had her personal idiosyncrasies: for instance, she wore men's clothes when not engaged in court functions; she shaved twice a week, but let her beard grow when on an extended campaign so as to give her all the appearance of a warrior. Hattie made a famous expedition to a place called Punt, and there she swindled the natives by exchanging the cheap dry-goods she had with her for gold and rare jewels. She married her half-brother, Thothmes II., and made it very hot for him during their reign. She wore the "pants" in theory

"SAM" IN THE LIME-LIGHT, WITH THE INEVITABLE GOATEE. THE ONLY WAY HE COULD TRIM IT WAS WITH A BLAST OF DYNAMITE

as well as in practice and was the undisputed leader of the "four hundred" in Cairo, being the headliner in the Levantine book of *Who's Who?* Her greatest work was the erection of the vast temple of Der-al-Bahari, part of it ornamented in fine gold. Hattie smote her pocket-book for the count on this structure—like as not she had to mortgage her Luxor villa to meet the final pay-roll. Den Mut was her architect and he grew rich as the buildings increased. He owned a centipede barge on the Nile, which was the badge of big money in those days.

Gooley wasn't always a treasure; he frequently irritated me by designating certain things as "cool-o-sall'." I said to him one day:

"Gooley, when I was a boy they pronounced that word *colossal.*"

"Mr. Bayne, I don't care what they called it when you were a boy; I call it cool-o-sall', and that goes on the Nile. What's been good enough for King Edward you will have to put up with."

The crowd laughed and I subsided—for awhile. Afterward I caught Gooley on his dates, but he again called me down:

"Mr. Bayne, if you think you can do this thing better than I can, why, get up here and try it!"

And so we rattled along from one gibe to another till we mounted our donkeys, rode out from the temples and started for the steamer. As we came away we passed Mr. Morgan, who had chosen the cool of the evening for his visit, even though the light was not so good.

There is an art in horse-racing known as the "hand ride," perfected by Todd Sloan—*i. e.*, swinging the hands from side to side and thus rolling the bit to excite the animal. I tried it on my donkey and as he had never

experienced it before, it excited him so much that he started out with a rush that threw me over his head before we had gone ten yards. I was somewhat crestfallen, but remounted, and took "an humbler flight" for the rest of the journey.

Next day we started down the Nile, stopping at many places, but as they did not compare in interest or importance with Luxor, Karnak or Thebes, I shall not try to describe them. The season was closing, the river had fallen six feet while we were coming down stream, and the Nile was now so low that we frequently stuck on the shifting sand-bars. As the pilots could not see the channels in the dark, we tied up at some town on the banks every night and consequently made slow time. After dinner the shopkeepers brought down their wares, spread sheets on the ground and opened up for business by torchlight and the light furnished by the steamer. The "Corks" were active buyers for home consumption, and after a violent passage of arms usually got what they wanted at a discount of ninety per cent. from the first offer. If there is anything on earth that these towns did not bring down to us, I want to see it!—from monkeys to tame snakes in the line of living things, and from lion skins to mummies in the dead. The natives were not allowed on board, and as there was great jostling on shore, the "Corks" stood on the deck and the articles for sale were rolled in bundles and fired at them for inspection, the owners giving the price in *piastres* by signs on their fingers. After a native made a sale, his fellows took him by the throat and ran him to the back of the dock. He had been successful and they would not allow him to compete again that evening. Toward the end, some "Corks" would risk it and mix with the crowd on shore, but their clothes were literally torn off them in a few moments, which caused an immediate re-

OUR OWN NILE DONKEY, "BALLY-HOO-BEY." KNEW HIS BUSINESS LIKE A BOOK, BUT OBJECTED TO THE TOD SLOAN RIDE (SPOKEN OF IN THE TEXT)—A WILD WEST EFFORT IN THE FAR EAST. ALI BABA, JR., IN THE SADDLE

treat. The natives were so excited and each so persistent in his efforts to get more than his share of the trade, that they frequently pushed one another into the Nile, wetting themselves and their wares, much to the amusement of the onlookers. But high above this rude brawling the scarab stood alone. When a fresh bag of them was opened, a blight fell on all other wares. Bargaining in them, indeed, was regarded as a kind of sacred function, as it was believed we were dealing in the jewels and mascots of the deadest people in all history. No greater investment could possibly be made than to float a corporation and start a factory in Connecticut for their manufacture and distribution, for it is but the few who may own the genuine—there aren't enough to go round. None of the manufactured product need be offered in America; they can all be absorbed on the Nile. One man shouted with glee, as he waved a small bag of them in the air:

"What's the use of bothering with Steel common? See what I have got for a five-dollar bill!"

The sport ran high, and while it was active an Arab appeared on deck with a basket. He approached me and said he had five sacred kittens and some scarabs, and as he was not much of a salesman, a little short in his English and out of funds, he wanted me to auction them off to help him out. As I had done this kind of thing before, I accepted the delicate position and in a short time had planted his stock in new and responsible hands that would not be likely to throw it again on the market in its present critical condition. He gave me his oriental blessing and stole out softly into the night; his parents haven't seen him since.

Perhaps it may have been noticed that wherever we went there were unusual doings and excitement. This is true, as, long before we arrived anywhere, our coming

was heralded in the papers, and as the party was exceptionally large, all Southern Europe and North Africa felt bound to get a whack at our pocketbooks.

Two striking things may be seen on the Nile. One is the irrigation of the land by hand: this is accomplished by lifting up the water in buckets by means of poles balanced with a weight equal to that of the water. This hard work is done by hundreds of thousands of natives, who are practically naked and do this labor in the hot sun. The banks are lined with them on each side for more than a thousand miles. When the length of the Nile is reckoned from its extreme source, it is four thousand and ninety-eight miles long, making it perhaps the longest river in the world, although the Mississippi, the Amazon and the Congo are about as long. Between Khartoum and the sea the Nile has six cataracts, some of them very rapid. Dry up the Nile and Egypt would be like the Desert of Sahara in a month; the river is its very heart's blood and makes it everything it is. Labor is cheap on the Nile: the men who hoist the irrigating water get only a few cents a day; a hotel waiter gets a dollar a month, with board and lodging; and so it goes in proportion.

The other activity that arrests one's attention is the planting of melon seeds in rows on the flat banks at low water. Later the river overflows them and when the flood subsides the plants are well on the way toward bearing. Our negroes call them "water-millions;" that name would be most appropriate in Egypt.

When Beni-Hassan was reached we made an early start and rode out on donkeys to see the famous tombs hewn out of the living rock. As we were returning we met Mr. Morgan and his party coming up the hill. A sand-storm had blown up, and it was quite dark and very disagreeable. I am sure he would have liked to be out of it, but

he had his nerve and poise with him and went through to the bitter end. We had started while this same sandstorm was still in action; not being able to see clearly, we ran into a flight of Nile freight boats, and in trying to avoid sinking one of them got on a rock and it punched a large hole in our steamer's bottom. We sank almost immediately, but as our keel was near the river bed we had not far to go. It took twelve hours to pump out the boat and patch the hole, during which time the Morgan *dahabiyeh* came up, but finding we were not in danger, passed on. Later we went after them and took the lead, but lost it again in shallow water.

Next day we arrived at Cairo, and I found at Shepheard's an invitation for dinner from De Cosson Bey, who controls and manages all the great public utilities of Cairo. He married a Philadelphia belle who had often visited at my house in New York, so we had a very pleasant evening, rehearsing the scenes and experiences of *auld lang syne*. The evening was a social oasis in a strange land and quickly taught me how they live and what they do in Cairo. My hostess spoke the language like a native and managed her Arabic *ménage* with skill, *à plomb* and distinction. I ate and drank many strange concoctions never previously included in any *menu* I had ever had the pleasure of exhausting. I did not dare to ask the names of the rare dishes, as I might not have liked them if I had—sometimes one had better not "know it all," or even a part of it. To be thoroughly happy in a case like this it is best to leave minute details and even a general knowledge of such things to the inquisitive. I had, however, sufficient curiosity to speculate on the dishes, and have made a tentative *menu* of them, assuming the courses, from their color, flavor and general appearance, to be as follows:

—:—MENU—:—

NILE GREEN POINTS
A pearl in every oyster

GUM(BO) ARABIC PUREE
*Siccative*

CROCODILE HARD-BOILED EGGS
Sauce *à la* Queen Hat-shep-set

BREAST OF THE ONE-LEGGED PINK STORK
Stuffed with Baby Sausages

BROILED SCARABS ON BUTTERED TOAST
Sauce *de la Pyramide*

BRIE *de* BAGDAD
Foil cases, Crimean vintage '54

BENI-HASSAN DATES ALLIGATOR PEARS

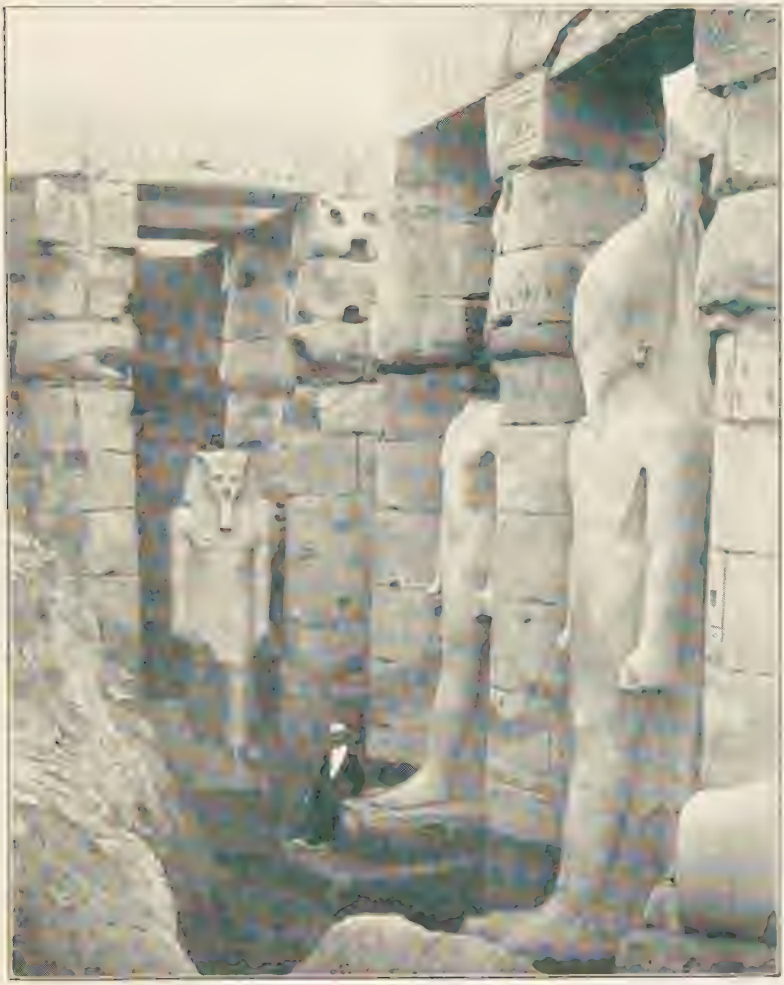
CAFE *à la* BWANA TUMBO
From the Wady Halfa bean

Wine
SAMIAN FIZZ

Music
By the "FLOWER BUDS OF CAIRO"

Decorations
By the BEGUM MACCUDDYLEEKI, period of Akbar the Great

The De Cossons lived in the suburbs, about two miles out on the road to the Pyramids, in a detached place without a street or a number, and quite hard to find when the sun had set. My hostess had prepared an elaborate map in two colors, red and blue, showing where I was to go and what I was to do and say after crossing the great steel bridge that spans the Nile. Armed with this formidable document, I went to the noble bandit



TEMPLE OF LUXOR ON THE NILE. "RAM" IS VERY MUCH IN EVIDENCE, BUT ONLY A SMALL PART OF HIS SCULPTURAL [illegible] IS SEEN, AS THE STONE-CUTTERS' LIENS HAVE NOT YET BEEN SATISFIED

who controls the carriage service in front of Shepheard's, and in a confidential whisper explained the map and the circumstances to him, at the same time slipping into his extended, yawning paw a wad of *bakshish*. I stipulated that I must have a driver who understood at least some English. He made a great show of grasping the intricacies of the map and the instructions that went with it, and presently, with a wild gleam in his eye, as if he had found a sure way to his "graft," he announced that he was ready and willing to take all responsibility. He had an official, high-backed chair on the sidewalk and asked me to use it till he returned. Then darting into the darkness, he quickly found a man (who looked like the First Murderer in *Macbeth*) on whom he could depend to rob me and divide the spoils with him. Dressed in his flowing oriental robes as Cairo's most abandoned criminal, he shook me warmly by the hand and whispered, as I stepped into the carriage:

"I have arranged everything."

I had a sufficient glimmering of what was going on to meekly pipe to him:

"Yes, I haven't the slightest doubt of it."

We started out at a brisk pace which soon relaxed into a funereal jog, and went on and on through narrow, squalid streets till we reached the Nile. Although I had given myself an extra hour for emergencies, I became impatient and asked him:

"But where is the big bridge with the bronze sphinxes on it that we are to cross?" He sadly wailed in reply:

"Ah, sahib, it ees so hard to find eet in the dark!"

In a burst of sarcastic anger, I shouted at him:

"Well, get off and light a match, and maybe you'll hit it by accident!" Assuming with an innocent look that I had spoken seriously, he took me at my word,

jumped off his perch, lit a match and peered all round him. Then I got "real" angry, and told him De Cosson Bey kept a professional torture chamber, and that I would have him ground to sausage meat if he trifled with me another moment. Well knowing the impotence of my "hot air" blast, he simply smiled and took up his burthen of "finding" the bridge. This he soon accomplished, as it was about as easy to find as a saloon in the "Great White Way." The instructions accompanying the map stated that the Maison Antonion was on the left of the Pyramid Road after three crossroads had been passed. I began to look out for and count the roads, so when we had crossed two and were approaching a third I halted the Jehu and said:

"This is the third road; turn down here."

"No, sahib, eet is de private entrance to Hunter Pasha's palace, an' he keep de mos' wicket dogs you ever see in awl yo' life."

So on we went till I began to realize that the kidnapper was trying to take me out to the Pyramids for a late dinner with the Sphinx. It was clear moonlight and I saw an English lady walking along the road. I tried to have the driver stop, but he pretended that he did not understand me, so I jumped out and, profusely apologizing to the lady, explained my emergency. She said:

"Why, you are a mile past De Cosson Bey's place: there it is with the flagstaff on the tower."

Then she had a heart-to-heart talk in Arabic with my friend and we returned briskly to the "third road." I halted the procession for a settlement about fifty yards from the house, well knowing that trouble was coming in pyramids, and feeling that I did not wish to assault the ears of my hosts with the clash which was now inevitable and which would undoubtedly contain a large percentage of language that could hardly be called

diplomatic. He demanded about ten times the regular fare. I protested, but he explained that after sunset all fares were double and charged by the hour, at that; and that when the Nile had been crossed the driver had the privilege of fixing the fare according to the circumstances. This vested right, he claimed, had not been disputed since his ancestors had driven Napoleon out to the battle of the Pyramids a century ago. I could not deny his statement as I had not been among those present, but I reduced the settlement to a compromise by threatening to spring on him the Hessian troops that De Cosson Bey retained for such occasions. Then we drove up to the house as genially as if we had been long parted relatives, and I supposed we held the secrets of the passage of arms between ourselves. But I was mistaken, for I noticed at dinner that my hosts smiled knowingly at each other as if they had some amusing thought in common. When I could stand this no longer I asked what they were laughing at.

"Why, at your stopping so near the house for the usual stormy, cab-fare settlement. Wise visitors always settle out on the Pyramid Road, so they may regain their composure before alighting. We threw up the windows and heard every word of the picturesque, verbal duel, and we came to the conclusion when the flag fell that the oriental had had his hands full throughout the entire entertainment."

I left next day by train for Alexandria, and I remember it was thirty-five years ago that I started from that city for Port Said, whence I took a steamer for India, passing through the Suez Canal, then not long opened. Time flies, but the canal is still there, at the old stand, doing a steady business with all the nations of the earth that go down to the sea in great ships as daily customers. F. J. Haskin has written an interesting and graphic de-

scription of this great work, recently published in the New York *Globe*, in which he says:

"On the great breakwater at Port Said stands the bronze statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, his right hand extended in a gesture of invitation to the mariners of all nations to take their ships through the great canal which was the fruit of his genius and diplomacy. Not one word is there to indicate that his fortune and good name lie buried in the failure of another canal, half way round the world.

"The romance of the Suez Canal is suggested by everything the visitor sees at Port Said, the 'turnstile of the nations.' But the tragedy of the canal, the terrible cost of life, the shameful waste of money, the enslavement of the Egyptians in governmental and financial bondage, the wreck of French hopes and aspirations—not one hint of all that tragedy is discernible. Ferdinand de Lesseps, Ismail Pasha and the Egyptian people gave civilization and commerce one of its greatest gifts in the Suez Canal, but the cost to them was all they had—and they were never repaid.

"Every day in the year a dozen great ships make the procession through the canal—the ninety miles of slow travelling which saves them the cost of circumnavigating the great continent of Africa. They pay well for it, and the owners of the canal shares wax fat. England controls the canal, the construction of which John Bull attempted in every manner to prevent. English ships bound from "home" to Bombay cut down the distance from 10,860 miles to 4,620 miles by taking the canal route, and the vast majority of ships which pay tolls to the canal company fly the British flag. Germany comes second, a long way after; Holland third, and the French, whose dreams of commercial empire cut the ditch, are fourth. The United States has not been represented in the canal in a decade by any commercial ship—only vessels of the navy and yachts of the Yankee millionaires show the Stars and Stripes to the Bedouins of the desert who bring their caravans from Mt. Sinai to the canal.

ANOTHER PART OF KARNAK; ONLY ONE MAN ON THE JOB, BUT HE IS QUITE EQUAL TO ALL ITS REQUIREMENTS AND EMERGENCIES

MOST IMPORTANT OF CANALS

"The tonnage of the Suez is not one-third as great as that of the Sault Ste. Marie Canal in the Great Lakes, but its importance to the commerce of the world is greater than that of any other passageway of the seas. Wherever there is a strait or a narrow passage through which commerce may go, there is sure to be a British flag flying, a British band playing, and a red-coated Tommy Atkins strutting about with a swagger stick. Suez is not an exception.

"Fourteen centuries before Christ, nearly 3,500 years ago, the Pharaoh Setee I., father of Rameses the Great, cut a canal fifty-seven miles long from a branch of the Nile delta to the bitter lakes, which are now part of the Suez Canal and which were then the northern extremity of the Gulf of Suez. That connected the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and Egypt waxed g eat. But the nation decayed, and the sands of the desert filled up the ditch. Eight hundred years later the Pharaoh Necho undertook to dig the canal. More than a hundred thousand lives were sacrificed to the project, but it was abandoned when a priest predicted that its completion would cause Egypt to fall into the hands of a foreign usurper. A hundred years after Necho, the Persian Darius took up the work on the abandoned canal, but his engineers told him that its completion would cause a deluge, and he desisted. About three hundred years before Christ was born, Ptolemy Philadelphus constructed a lock-and-dam canal through which ships made the journey from one of the mouths of the Nile to the site of modern Suez. Continued wars interrupted commerce, and the locks and dams fell into decay, so that Cleopatra's navy was unable to escape to the Red Sea by canal. The Roman engineers later patched up the canal so that their galleys made their way from sea to sea; but when the Arabs came in A.D. 700 they found it choked up. Amrou, the Arab, cleared it out, but it was soon permitted to fill up again, and not until the great Napoleon reached Egypt was the canal project again considered. Napoleon abandoned the idea only because his engineers assured him that the level

of the Mediterranean was thirty feet below that of the Red Sea. He then considered a lock-and-dam canal, but he evacuated Egypt before anything came of it. Of course, all those ancient canals were very narrow and shallow, and no boat now dignified with the business of carrying cargo for profit could have entered any one of them.

### MEHEMET ALI WAS WARY

"Mehemet Ali, the great pasha who founded the present Egyptian khedivate, was urged to attempt the canal project, but he was wary. At last he pushed it aside, and listened to the Englishman, Robert Stephenson—the father of the railroad. Under Stephenson's supervision he built a railroad from Cairo to Suez, connecting with the line from Cairo to Alexandria. This formed the "great overland route" to India, and brought great trade and many rich tolls to the Egyptians.

"The time came when Said Pasha ruled in Cairo. To him came Ferdinand de Lesseps. Years before, while a clerk in the French consulate general in Cairo, De Lesseps dreamed the dream of the great canal. He was not an engineer, but he was a master diplomatist. He unfolded his plans to Said, who loved France and all Frenchmen, and met with encouragement. It was a magnificent scheme. The canal was not to cost Egypt one cent, but was to pay fifteen per cent. of its receipts to the Egyptian government, and at the expiration of ninety-nine years was to become the absolute property of Egypt. On such terms the concession was given to De Lesseps in 1856.

"Then De Lesseps went forth to get the money. France had just come out of the Crimean War and could not advance money for ventures. England was opposed to a canal that would let anybody have a chance at India, and the English government did everything possible to prevent the Frenchman from obtaining funds. He failed in Europe, for he could not get enough even for a survey of the canal. Nothing daunted, he went back to Egypt and borrowed money enough

PILLARS OF THOTHMES III., KARNAK, EGYPT, WITH TWO YOUNG MEN ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BUSINESS. THEY ARE BOTH WORTHY OF EVERY ENCOURAGEMENT

from Said to survey the canal and to exploit it through Europe. Then came much planning and more concessions, and much stock jobbing; but by 1860 the French company was again without money. Again the appeal was made to Said, and not without avail; for he subscribed for more than one-third of the total capital stock and promised to advance money for the construction work—and all for a project that was not to cost Egypt anything. That was the beginning of Egypt's bondage to the money lenders of Europe, for Said had to borrow the money he gave to the canal.

### ISMAIL PASHA WAS EASY

"In 1863 the magnificently extravagant Ismail Pasha came to the throne of Mehemet Ali. He burned with ambition to make himself the greatest ruler in the world, and the canal was a darling of his heart. He was the ready and willing victim of the loan sharks of Europe, and he would sign anything in the way of an obligation if there was a little yellow gold in sight.

"Meanwhile the canal was progressing slowly. Ismail ordered the Egyptian peasants to do the work under the ancient *corvée* system. Every three months 25,000 drafted fellaheen went to the big ditch to dig. Every three months a miserable remnant of the preceding 25,000 left the dead bodies of their comrades beneath the dump heaps.

"The Suez Canal was dug for the most part by those poor creatures who scooped up the sand and dirt with their bare hands and carried it up the steep banks to the dumps in palm-leaf baskets of their own making. Task masters with cruel whips of hippopotamus hide punished the sick and the fainting, as well as the lazy. There were no sanitary precautions, and the men died by the thousands.

"This horrible condition of affairs aroused the indignation of John Bull, who protested to the sultan. The sultan ordered the employment of fellaheen labor to be stopped. Then De Lesseps and the canal ring descended upon Ismail and held him responsible for damages. The case was left to the

arbitration of Napoleon III., who decided for the canal ring, and Ismail was forced to pay a fine of nearly $10,000,000 because his titular sovereign lord had ordered that Ismail's subjects should not be murdered in the canal ditch. Each month a new obligation was fastened upon suffering Egypt. Finally, when the canal was completed, Ismail gave a great fête to celebrate its opening. Few festivals have been so magnificent, none so extravagant. The celebration cost $21,000,000. Verdi wrote the opera *Aida* to order that Ismail might give a box party one evening, and an opera house was built especially for that purpose.

### ENGLAND IN CONTROL

"But Ismail had signed too many notes of hand. The day of reckoning came. Ismail sold his canal shares to the English government, and by their purchase Benjamin Disraeli gave the British empire dominion over the traffic between the East and the West. It was a bold stroke, and it brought to an end the commercial aspirations of the French of the Second Empire. The canal company still has its chief offices in Paris, its clerks speak French, and its tolls are charged in francs, but otherwise it is English.

"Ismail was dethroned and died in exile, his magnificence forgotten. De Lesseps ventured on another canal project, was plunged into disgrace, and died a mental wreck. Egypt, which once levied toll on all the commerce passing between Orient and Occident, now watches the trade ships pass by. The digging of the canal was the greatest blow ever given to Egyptian commerce. But the losses of Ismail and De Lesseps and Egypt make up the gain of the civilized world.

"Opened just forty years ago, its importance has increased with every year, and its revenues are expanding each month. It cost $100,000,000, half of which was spent in bribes and excessive discounts. With modern machinery, such as is being used at Panama, it could have been built for one-quarter as much. As an engineering problem it is to the Panama Canal as a boy's toy block house to a forty-story

skyscraper. How it will compare with Panama as an avenue of commerce is a question to which Americans anxiously await the answer."

The jubilee of the Suez Canal, work on which commenced in 1859, took place on April 25, 1909. When I passed through in 1874 its depth was about twenty-six feet; the present depth is about thirty-two and a half feet, and improvements are now going on which will bring it to thirty-four feet. The original width was seventy-one feet on the bottom, and this has been gradually increased until at present the bottom width is ninety-seven and a half feet. In 1870 there passed through the canal four hundred and eighty-six ships, whose gross tonnage was 654,914. Last year 3,795 ships used the canal, and their total tonnage was over 19,000,000. Truly this is one of the world's greatest conveniences!

These reminiscences take me back again to Alexandria, as it was there that an original seaboard bank was founded. Its first president was Katchaskatchkan, a nephew of King Ram's. The old man saw to it that all the "squeeze" from the corn crop money was deposited here and that it held the margins on Joseph's grain corner. "Katch" broke his neck by falling into the wheat pit, but the incident was soon forgotten in the advancing prosperity of the bank. The place is in ruins, but we saw the "paying teller's gun," which was a decorated club with spikes on it; it lay unnoticed in a nook in the big amalgamated copper vault, covered with papyrus books and records of the bank. Some of the old past due notes on the shelves were still drawing interest and you could hear it tick like the clanking cogs when a ferry boat makes her landing. The writer fairly shudders at what the interest on those notes would now amount to, computed at five per cent. (the prevailing rate paid for

call loans in that historic corner), remembering that the interest on a penny compounded at this rate since the dawn of the Christian era would now represent fourteen millions of globes of eighteen-karat gold, each globe the size of our earth! We could not help philosophizing on the change which had taken place in banking principles and methods since those old days; and the whole inspection was very interesting.

I am reluctant to leave Egypt without saying a word about the "teep," as this land is the very home, the embodiment—the Gibraltar, so to speak, of the wide-open palm for services rendered—or even when they are not rendered. Egypt is not the only place, however, of which this can be said; there are others. But no matter where the dear American tourist lands he "gets it" both coming and going, and the "neck" is usually the place where it first attracts his attention. It is not a new thing, by any means, for the Greeks suffered more from it than we ever have. They called it "gifts," and if a man didn't give, why, he got nothing, just as he gets nothing to-day in "Del's" if he tries to escape with a glad smile instead of the regulation tariff. Usually, as we all know, the rough time is at the reckoning and the departure, if you haven't done the handsome. The waiter, if he knows his business, makes you feel your cheapness if you attempt to "do" him with an affable "Good-night," instead of the real thing. The change is so arranged for you that you may have a wide choice of coins, but if that scheme misses fire, there are still left the overcoat and the hat. The man who can pass through these ordeals with his nerve unfrayed and look through the waiter as if he were a pane of glass, would never have turned a hair if placed in front at the charge of Balaclava. I remember writing a *menu* card for a dinner once, and when I came to the sweetbread course it was shown that

OBELISK OF THOTHMES I. AND QUEEN HATSHEPSET XVIII. DYNASTY TWO FINE OBELISKS IN THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK A LITTLE TOPSY-TURVY LOOKING AND VERY MUCH IN NEED OF REPAIRS

if you hadn't a coin you must still do something. Lucullus was waiting on the bank of the river Styx for his turn on Charon's ferryboat, and of course, being a shade, he had no money in his clothes; but this is what was said:

> When Lucullus got on Charon's skiff
> He didn't have a cent;
> So he handed out a sweetbread
> And on the boat he went.

This was as straight a tip as was ever given to a waiter or at a horse-race. There was nothing between Lucullus and the "bread line" except his last sweetbread; yet as a gentleman he gave it up to the ferryman rather than lose his poise when leaving the earth.

But to return to the twentieth century, about four thousand years since the incident just related occurred: we have a variety of names for the same thing. It is *pour boire* in France; *tip* in England; *macaroni* "for the crew" in Italy; *sugar-cane* "for the donkey" on the Nile; *bakshish* in Africa; "*bakshish*" the first word the traveler hears when he gets there, "*bakshish*" the last when he is leaving. Why, they say the Sphinx herself tears her hair and plaintively wails when the sun has set, "*Bakshish! Bakshish!! Bakshish!!!*" And the only reason she does not hold out her hands for it is that she hasn't any.

Sailing from Alexandria we headed for the Straits of Messina and reached them the day following, taking a passing look at Etna and Stromboli. Messina was not so badly damaged, we thought, as had been reported, and it will undoubtedly be rebuilt. Then we steamed past Capri and made fast to the wharf at Naples.

## ITALY

### NAPLES

After strolling round Naples for a couple of days we took the train for Rome.

On one of these strolls I saw what seemed to me a curious funeral. There were six horses with nodding plumes, hung with black robes, and driven in three spans by a coachman who was a wonder in himself. He wore a hat with an enormous yellow cockade; a purple coat; patent leather Hessian boots, with tassels; green tights showing the shape of his fine calves (of which he was evidently very proud), and on his whip he carried many silk ribbon bows. "Beau Brummel" might have had a coachman like him—but I doubt it. Through a pane of glass might have been seen, thoroughly ornamented and painted for public inspection, the face of the principal whom these proceedings interested no more. The hearse sported a forest of plumes also, and behind it stalked six stalwart, high-class, professional mourners, likewise in green tights and Tower-of-London hats, all members of the Pallbearers' International Union (purple card), with flowing beards and curling moustaches—probably the only men on earth whom money causes to weep and pluck their beards in pretended sorrow when in the throes of their commercial emotion. If paid enough money they do not hesitate to use the onion freely to produce the real thing in tears. Next followed a dozen of mere puling mutes, of no caste or distinction whatever but that lent by a big brass badge on the breast of each. Then came four rickety carriages of the Columbus era; they hadn't a soul in them, but their cloth upholstered seats had been whitewashed with white lead and showed by many cracks the risk any live human would take in

THIS IS WHERE "RAM" FELL DOWN AND HAS NEVER SINCE BEEN "LIFTED." IT TAKES *PIASTRES* TO PUT SUCH A BIG MAN ON HIS FEET. STONY MACADAM, PRESIDENT OF THE BAKSHISH TRUST & TIPPING COMPANY, WITH HIS CASHIER AND ENTIRE BOARD OF DIRECTORS IN ATTENDANCE. IT'S A TOUGH PROBLEM "STONY" CAN'T SOLVE IF THERE'S MONEY BEHIND IT!

entering the vehicles. There were no relatives of the dead present—and you could not blame them. The question arose, What is the meaning of it all? It seemed as though they had consigned the man to the grave at the least expense with no bother—a curious form of burial from our standpoint; it was strictly professional.

## ROME

Rome has been so thoroughly exploited that perhaps the writing of a layman on the subject would not interest the reader, so I shall not attempt to go into details, for they would fill a very large book. Since I last visited it the city had grown to be large, clean and prosperous, under the careful and serious management of the king, whose business in life seems to be the welfare of his people and the advancement of their best interests. I met him and the queen at the Arch of Constantine; he saluted, as he does to every one he meets when walking alone in the suburbs of the city.

The three things that I remembered with the greatest interest on leaving Rome—and I still admire them most of all — were Caracalla's Baths, the Coliseum and the Forum. Perhaps no purely secular work of man has ever approached the Baths of Caracalla in sumptuous, artistic magnificence and splendor. They were more than a mile long and a little less than that in width. They consisted of three vast baths, marble lined, with rare mosaic floors: one for cold water, one for tepid and a third for hot water. There were dressing rooms, refectories, lounging gardens, schools of art, a court for athletes, another court for gladiators. Highly carved marble columns supported the roofs and the rarest statues stood in niches. The bathing capacity was the largest ever planned. To sit there alone and people it,

as when it was at its best, with all the glory of the emperor, the court ladies, the vestal virgins, senators, warriors, artists, men of letters and the rest, is a treat to the imagination that cannot be realized on any other spot.

The Coliseum is the largest amphitheatre ever built: it is more than a third of a mile in circumference; it had seats for fifty thousand and standing room for thousands more. The arena was two hundred and seventy-three by one hundred and twenty feet. Beneath it were the dens for lions, tigers, bears and bulls, with rooms for the gladiators and the human victims. It was opened by Titus with a festival lasting over three months in 80 A.D., and five thousand wild animals were killed during the festivities. It was the place where the Christian martyrs met their deaths under the persecuting emperors. The imagination runs riot while trying to picture the tragic scenes that took place within its walls in the presence of multitudes. It had a "bad eminence" all its own.

The Forum was in the early days the very heart of Rome, and all that was great in it. It contained over sixty temples, public buildings, tombs, triumphal arches, columns and great statues. Here Cicero and other orators spoke to the people, and famous teachers made it their resort; its name represented the thought and refinement of the age of which it was the glory.

When I was in Rome I happened to be domiciled in a bedroom that had a connecting door with another room of the same size. This door was of course locked, the other room being occupied by an Italian. We had to make a flying start for Naples at 5 A.M., and I got up at 4, in order to shave, dress and breakfast in time to catch the train. I opened the proceedings by starting to strop my razor on a big leather strop; the door being quite flimsy, my Italian neighbor heard me dis-

THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME ONE OF THE FINEST EXTANT. THE EMPEROR THOUGHT IT ALL OUT AND PLANNED IT TO ASTONISH POSTERITY, AND INCIDENTALLY TO RECORD HIS OWN GREATNESS

Property of
Buena Vista College



tinctly, and as he was trying to fall asleep he became very angry, jumped out of bed and protested in loud and profane language. I paid no attention to his protest and then he rang his bell long and violently. As I wanted to make a respectable appearance at breakfast, I kept on stropping diligently. This added to his indignation, and when the chambermaid entered his den in response to the bell, he ordered her to go into my room and stop the noise. She rushed toward me and intimated that the gentleman was at the point of death—that he might die at any moment from heart disease, unless he were permitted to sleep. I felt that a guest had a right to shave in his own room, therefore I did not desist. My irate neighbor then jumped out of bed and in his *pajamas* ran downstairs and brought up the manager, the cashier, the porter and a hall-boy. When I opened my door the deputation implored me to cease stropping and start shaving at once, and thus restore peace to the strained situation. I explained that I was hurrying to the train and that this would be the last of me; at which the Count rushed forward and grasping my hand, exclaimed:

"Pardon, signor! shave all you like and do it now, but don't, for heaven's sake, miss the train on any account, for if you commence that horrible slapping again I shall make my way to the nearest mad house!"

When the cause of the disturbance had ceased, he soon fell asleep, and when I began to lather my face he was artistically playing a "*fluto*" obligato with his nose. At this I began to knock on the door, and he at once called out:

"What now? What you want?"

"I want you to stop snoring or I'll alarm the house and have you expelled."

"Ah, you get even with me, you do! I catch the leetle

joke. What will you haf to drink, signor? the wine is on me."

We left Rome and went by train to—

### POMPEII

On a former visit to Pompeii I thought it a grand place, but after all, when the traveller has seen the best, it is ordinary and commonplace. It was a town of only about 30,000 people and almost all of them escaped, so no particular distinction belongs to it in any respect.

We continued on to Naples, and on the following morning took a local steamer for Sorrento. We had a look at Vesuvius, which was quiet and somewhat depressed—as it had lost six hundred feet of its cone at the last eruption.

### SORRENTO

Landing at Sorrento we took a thirty-mile carriage drive along the precipitous coast, resting and lunching in a convent at Amalfi, perched high up on the hillside whither we had to climb. Then another drive to the train, which landed us back in Naples in the early hours of the morning.

### MONTE CARLO

Again we embarked on the *Cork*, and landed at Villefranche. Next day we drove through Nice and on to Monte Carlo, where we witnessed the motor boat races. After dining at the *Hotel de l'Hermitage*, we visited the temple of chance with its twenty-five tables, devoted to a variety of games. It was all a distinct disappointment. The much vaunted decorations on the walls of the rooms were polychromatic but uninteresting—attempts at classic decoration such as an Italian sign-painter could

THE FORUM, ROME'S GREATEST HISTORICAL CLUB, WHERE EVERY MAN HAD A HEARING IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO SAY. SOME GREAT THINGS WERE SAID THERE AND THOUGHTS COINED WHICH ARE PASSING CURRENT AS OUR OWN TO-DAY

easily equal when working for his board. The building itself was overdone in elaboration, and represented French architecture in the era when it had "broken loose." The grounds, however, were fine and the flower display the finest to be found anywhere. The players, men and women, were a debased crowd, of all nationalities. Sordid greed had eaten into their faces and there was no delight for them in anything except in grabbing the gold the turn of the wheel gave them—and it didn't give them much in return for what they staked. The games are "square." There is no cheating other than the well understood "percentage" in favor of the bank, but they are played so quickly that the player's capital is turned over thousands of times in a week, and as each turn means on the average a loss to him of the "percentage," the money does not last long. Some gamblers plunge for large sums for a short time, and are lucky enough to "break the bank at Monte Carlo;" but they return and give it all back to the prince with interest. All he asks of them is that they shall keep on playing at his game. The visitor wonders most at the dexterity with which the money of all varieties is raked, tossed and flung about the board by the croupiers, with apparently the utmost recklessness and without mistakes. They have spent their lives at it and know it the way Paderewski knows his keyboard. Three men are employed at each table to follow all the betting, and they watch like hawks every one playing. So perfectly is the whole thing done that never a word is spoken; it's all action—simply the placing of the coin on the spot. Most of the players have systems they follow, and prick their cards at each play. Hundreds of others who have no money follow their systems, just to see whether they would have won if they had had anything to risk.

We had a charming, moonlight drive back to Ville-

franche along the shores of the Mediterranean, where the *Cork* lay awaiting us, and when all were aboard we steamed out through the Straits of Gibraltar to Liverpool.

### LIVERPOOL

It was a general holiday at the time in that city, and I lounged about the streets, looking at the crowds of people. The "Pembroke Social Reform League" was holding a mass meeting at the foot of Wellington's monument in St. George's Square to protest against the Government's building eight *Dreadnaughts* at a cost of £14,000,000. The crowd was all composed of working men and was most orderly; the speakers were clever and moderate in their attitude. I became interested, and edged up to the foot of the steps in order to hear what was said. The meeting had lasted about an hour, when one speaker in finishing, remarked:

"I see an American here: will not the gentleman step up and tell us how America feels about these things?"

I was immediately threatened with heart disease and protested, but before I knew what I was about a couple of them had pulled me up on the steps and I was really "up against it," so I had to say something or beat an ignominious retreat. I have always been in full sympathy with disarmament and the reduction of naval fleets, so I told them I had just returned from Spain, Italy and Turkey, and had there seen the armies drilling and the idle navies anchored in the ports, for the most part at the expense of the poor people, many of whom had neither food nor decent clothing. At this point a young man called out:

"We are Englishmen—we want no Yankees here!"

I replied:

"Young man, you have made a bad start: I was born

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA, ROME, WHERE THE ROMANS HAD THE BEST TIMES OF THEIR LIVES AND WERE ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE WHILE IT LASTED

less than three hundred miles from where I stand, and I visited this square many times before you were born."

This statement was received with applause and I was allowed to finish what little I had to say in peace. The meeting adjourned after unanimously passing a resolution protesting against the *Dreadnaughts*. Meetings of this character were held continuously all day.

Then we took a new steamer to New York, and the cruise of the *Cork* was a thing of the past.

Retrospectively I might add that we suffered from a kind of artistic and historical dyspepsia, brought about by our inability to digest the immensity of the things we had seen and their variety. After leaving Madeira the stopping places came so fast that our sightseeing was indeed hard work, each new place blotting out the one that had preceded it. Undoubtedly we would after a while remember the scenes and places visited, and we would surely do so if we read the standard writers on these subjects.

Of the management it may be said that it had a Herculean task to perform, and its work was well done. If the amount of detail it had to face and arrange had been placed in less skilful hands or neglected, it would have been fatal to our comfort and progress.

My companions were on the whole a bright, alert and sympathetic company. Here and there, of course, there was some friction; human nature, under the strain put upon it by the length of the cruise and the number of people, could not be expected by the most exacting critic to behave better. The unimportant differences of opinion and misunderstandings that arose under trying circumstances will fade with the years as they fly by, and leave only bright, pleasant, interesting memories of all the wonderful things it was our privilege to see on this remarkable trip.

I offer a humble apology for the slang I have used in

these pages, but it has seemed almost impossible to describe the scenes in connection with Jerusalem and Cairo without it—in fact, I couldn't help it!

I regret exceedingly that the anonymous character of this little effort will not permit me to mention the names of many men and women who, by their good-fellowship, sincerity and helpfulness, assisted one another to pass the time and make things "go," when sometimes the going was far from good.

If in any of these lines I have given offence I hope to be pardoned, as none is intended. Every one knows that a succession of compliments and eulogies makes uninteresting reading, therefore I feel sure of being thoroughly understood; and further, I should like to add that I believe the formula, "I move we adjourn," will be appreciated by the patient and, I hope, forgiving reader. At this stage of the proceedings the aeroplane must be lowered to kiss the dew and so glide into its hangar, regrets being current that we had not the pleasure of Messrs. Cook and Peary's company as passengers.

THE AUTHOR.

THE END